BEGINNING IN THIS NUMBER—SIBERIA AND ITS GREAT RAILWAY—PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES—PROSPECTIVE MINERS CROSSING THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS.
Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Photographs.—[See Page 801.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE NEED OF EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

SOME time ago the Weekly, in speaking of Mr. W. L. Wilson's acceptance of the presidency of Washington and Lee University, expressed some views as to the need of the South for such education as Mr. Wilson and men like him could give to the youth of that part of the country. We also made some comment upon the character of the Southern public men of the present time. These views and opinions called forth a storm of indignant protest from newspapers and from correspondents, which were not answered at the time, owing to the writer's absence from the country.

Now that there is occasion to write again of the South, we wish to express our regret that the animus of the article to which we allude was misunderstood. We had no intention of saying that the South alone needs education, or that Southern politicians alone are without character or talent. We are quite willing to admit that some of the Northern and Western States are as unworthily represented in the Senate as is South Carolina or any other Southern State. But it does not follow, as some of our critics seem to think, that the South is not greatly in need of wise teaching, or that it has men of first-class ability in public life, or that it is not given over to every economic heresy of our time.

The reason for speaking especially of the South is that, in respect to its public men, it has fallen from a high estate, and the contrast between its politicians of to-day and its statesmen of earlier times, including even some of its representatives of yesterday, is disheartening. South Carolina cannot contemplate with pride the men who now contend for its political honors. Tillman and Irby are the successors of the giants of the days before the war. It cannot believe that it is a healthy public sentiment which has driven men like Wade Hampton and Brawley out of politics, and which destroyed the manliness of Butler. It is unnecessary to call the roll of Southern Senators of the present. The few whose names are likely to occur to the average reader will readily enough picture the contrast of which we speak. Since the first article on this subject appeared, one Southern Senator, Caffery of Louisiana, has demonstrated that he is worthy of the honorable place which he holds, while Chilton of Texas has manifested a courage that recalls the honest gallantry of his colleague in his better days. As for the rest, they follow where Tillman and McEnery lead in the vulgar scramble for a share in the spoils of the protective policy.

The time was, and it was not so distant, that no public man in the South would have dared make the assertion that so long as the consumers were to be plundered he would vote that his section should have its full share of the proceeds. We have no illusions about the old leaders, but they were the best of their section, and they were wise and, according to their lights, patriotic men. Their successors are nearly the worst that the cheapest politicians can find, and it will be no answer to this assertion that New York sends Edward Murphy to the Senate, or that Brice was but recently representing the State that once honored itself by selecting Thurman, or that James Smith, Jr., represents the State of New Jersey.

There is very little virtue among the successful politicians of the day. Education is needed everywhere; but in the North—especially in the large cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston—the work has begun. It has also, it is true, begun in some of the Southern cities in municipal affairs, and notably in New Orleans. But what is needed in the South is a quicker and livelier response to the sentiment for righteousness. There is an educated and patriotic group of men in every Southern State who need encouragement, who need the aid that they can obtain only from the more general enlightenment of the people about them. There are newspapers in Louisville, in Galveston, in Mobile, in Montgomery, in Charleston, and in other cities, that are sound and able expositors of economic and social truth—among the ablest and most sincere in the whole country. But there are other Southern newspapers of great popularity that are wrong on every economic question of the time, and there is one newspaper published in Atlanta which openly advocates murder as the proper punishment for negroes who commit outrages on white women.

The teaching of the moral and commercial value of honest money, of the wrongfulness of taxation for the purposes of plunder, and of the sanctity and sovereignty of the law, is something of which the South stands in need, and the Weekly has insisted on this need, although it is conscious that very often the kindly advice of a friend is more quickly and bitterly resented than the insults of an enemy. The best public opinion of the South, than which there is none better, is in need of re-enforcement. It is not so insistent, so much in evidence, so angry, as the best public sentiment of the North—at least we do not hear as much of it. It needs organization, and it needs centres of light and leading. It is through the teaching of its youth that the South will eventually resume its place in the politics of the country. It is through the influence of schools and colleges of the best character that Southern men who are now assailing the standard of value and practising violence will be succeeded by a new generation that will know that wealth and prosperity can be attained only through honest industry and with honest money, and that a community which permits passion to take the place of law, and murder to usurp the functions of courts of justice, not only kills the savage victims of its wrath, but the very seed of personal liberty, self-government, and civilization in the community itself. People who not only lynch but defend the practice of lynching are in need of regeneration. They are in danger of losing all power of self-restraint. They are guilty of treason against the only majesty that we recognize in this republic—the majesty of the law. And it is not only because of the rise of the boisterous and ignorant demagogue to the high places once occupied by the best training and intellect and the most unblemished honor of the South, but because the law and the courts are defied and despised with the consent of whole communities, that we have said, and we repeat, that the South is in especial need of the enlightening and ameliorating influences of education.

MR. SHERMAN'S IMPOLITENESS.

It is announced that Lord Salisbury has finally agreed to a conference on the Bering Sea seal controversy, with a view to considering certain alleged errors as to seal life. The conference is expected to take place at Washington during the coming autumn. Much has been said on both sides of the water as to the bad manners displayed by Secretary Sherman—first, in signing the letter of instructions to Ambassador Hay; and second, in its publication.

The seriousness of the accusation that the letter itself was impolite depends upon the circumstance of the situation. The letter was a very vigorous expression of opinion, and doubtless it would have been grossly impolite if it had been the first communication addressed by the United States to the British government on this subject. But it was not the first by any means, and Great Britain has given this country a great deal of provocation in this controversy.

It would be well for those who are so disturbed by Mr. Sherman's impoliteness that they cannot see the merits of the American side of this controversy to recall the history of the Bering Sea negotiations. In the first place, all who have participated in the discussion have agreed that the seals should be defended from indiscriminate slaughter, and that the herds should be preserved from destruction. On this point Lord Salisbury was in agreement with Mr. Bayard in the correspondence between the two which took place while the latter was Secretary of State, during Mr. Cleveland's first administration. He also agreed, in principle, to a closed season of longer duration than that provided for by the Paris award and, under the *modus vivendi* of 1892–3, and to other conditions now deemed essential by this country, and denied by Great Britain.

But the good intentions of the British government and the interests of English citizens were abandoned when Canada intervened and practically demanded immunity for the pelagic sealers. Since the decree of the Paris tribunal, the duties which were thereby imposed on the British government have not been performed, and by reason of its refusal to renew the regulations of 1894, or to make other and more effective regulations, it is said to be practically impossible to convict a pelagic sealer if he be Canadian.

In view of all the facts in the case, our government for more than two years has urged Great Britain to confer on the subject. The seals were disappearing, and the British government was obstinately refusing to carry out the findings of the tribunal. It avoided and evaded the issue. It was impossible to wring from it a satisfactory response to respectful communications addressed to it by the United States government. If this state of things had been allowed to continue, Great Britain would have turned a deaf ear to us until the seals had been killed off. She was guilty of bad faith, and while it would have been pleasanter to bring her to a better state of mind by sweeter methods, it was necessary that she should be made to listen. It is to be regretted that the only way to accomplish this was a rough one, and that Mr. Sherman was forced by the attitude of British statesmen to characterize the conduct of their government frankly and accurately. It is not the first time that Great Britain has insisted on having her attention attracted to her protagonist by what under ordinary circumstances would be an insult. Impoliteness, international or otherwise, is deplorable, but a rough word sometimes makes for justice.

OUR ASIATIC NEIGHBOR.

The steady and rapid growth of population in Russia was noted in a recent number of the Weekly, with due recognition of the immense vitality of a race which, without immigration, has increased from 67,380,645 in 1851 to 129,211,113 in 1897. But the full significance of this fact waits upon another fact of equal importance: that the vast Russian territory lying east of the Ural Mountains and extending to the Pacific Ocean offers physical conditions scarcely less favorable for Slavonic expansion than the conditions already tried and approved in that land of extreme cold and extreme heat, of great shallow rivers, of terrible white arctic stretches, of a fertile black-earth zone, and of steppes, extending from the Urals westward to the Baltic and the Carpathians. In a word, the most ample opportunity is added to incomparable ability; and it seems inevitable that Russia should become our great Asiatic neighbor.

This view invests with a peculiar interest the account of a journey across Siberia which a member of the World's Transportation Commission contributes to the Weekly in a series of papers, of which the first is published in the present issue. The narrator's observations were made in the depth of winter along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which, by the end of the century, or at latest during the first year of the twentieth century, will open all of northern Asia to Russian colonists, and incidentally will reduce the time occupied in travelling between London and Peking to about a fortnight. Interesting descriptions, with many photographs of uncommon merit, give a living sense of the present condition and suggestive indications of the future development of the near young Empire, that has hitherto seemed remote because in thinking of Russia we have habitually thought eastward, as it were, instead of thinking westward and Alaskaward.

CANADA AND BRITISH POLICY.

There was no more frequent topic of congratulation during the Queen's Jubilee than the liberal and hospitable policy that has accompanied and marked the expansion of the British Empire. The congratulations upon this score came not only from Britons and Greater Britons, but from those also whom Mr. Rudyard Kipling so Britannically describes as "Gentiles"—

> Or lesser breeds without the Law.

It is rather curious that it should be Canada which is tending to break down this traditional policy, under which the Empire has so waxed and thriven. There have just now been furnished two striking instances of the Canadian temper, so different from the British "Imperial" spirit, the first being the denunciation by Great Britain, at the instigation of Canada, of England's commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium.

The other instance has been furnished by Canada herself, acting within her own jurisdiction, and consists in her treatment of the gold-mines in the Klondike. The news of the discovery has attracted adventurers from all parts of the world, but by the nature of the case these have arrived first and in the greatest number from the United States. Possibly this fact has nothing to do with the regulations upon which the government of the Dominion is reported to have agreed, but it will certainly be thought to have much to do with it, and the Dominion has prepared for itself the opposition of a crowd of "Uitlanders" in North America much more formidable than those who rose up in rebellion against the regulations which the Boers imposed upon British gold-hunters in South Africa.

Indeed, the exactions of the Transvaal Republic can scarcely have been more stringent or more oppressive than those which the Dominion seeks to impose. Its right to impose them is clear, but no clearer than was that of the Boers, and the grievances of the adventurers will be at least as substantial as those which "the colonial editor of the London *Times*" and the British laureate have set forth in their several ways, and for the redress of which Jameson made his raid. A reservation to the government of every alternate claim, and a royalty rising, when the findings are more than trifling in amount, to the monstrous rate of twenty per cent., are exactions far beyond what was dreamed of in California or in Australia. It is true that, whereas California and Australia have proved to be far more valuable for other products than for gold, the prospect is that as soon as the Klondike is despoiled of its gold, it will revert to the state of a wilderness and be forever useless to mankind. But the Canadian government, instead of limiting its taxation to the additional cost imposed upon it, seems to cherish the desire to collect all its own expenses from the products of the goldfields. That was the policy of Spain in the sixteenth century, but it is highly anomalous for a British possession at the end of the nineteenth.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE JUBILEE.

One result, probably the only tangible result, of the series of conferences between Mr. Chamberlain and the colonial Premiers is the denunciation of the commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium. The treaty with Belgium was ratified in 1862, and the treaty with the German Confederation in 1865. Both are substantially framed in the same terms, and both contain what is usually called a "most-favored nation" clause. That is to say, they provide for the immediate extension to Germany and Belgium of any commercial advantage enjoyed by England or her colonies. The British colonies, eager for complete fiscal autonomy, have often asked for the abolition of these treaties. The Ottawa conference of 1895 passed two trade resolutions, one of which bore directly on this question. They asked, first, for a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her colonies by which trade within the Empire might be placed on a more favorable footing than that which is carried on with foreign countries; and secondly, that pending such arrangement the colonies should be allowed to establish a preferential tariff among themselves. The corollary to the first proposal was that England should abandon her free-trade policy and impose differential duties on foreign goods in favor of colonial produce; and to the second, that Belgium and Germany should be obliged to forfeit the right, guaranteed to them by the treaties, to enter the colonial market on the same terms as traders with goods of "British origin." Lord Ripon, the then Colonial Secretary, in an exhaustive despatch, came out strongly against the idea of a Zollverein. Mr. Chamberlain, who puts forward a fresh plan every other month for the federation of the Empire, with the same deftness and in the same spirit as a tradesman takes up a new line of goods, has recently advocated the establishment of a Zollverein, and been mercilessly snubbed by the Premiers of Canada and New South Wales. There is no more chance in England of a successful reaction against free trade than there is against the rule of three, and the idea of a Zollverein may now be said to have vanished. Nor would Lord Ripon concede that it was sound business to denounce the German and Belgian treaties. He pointed out that England's export trade with those two countries amounted to forty-one millions sterling every year, and that the trade with the colonies was only thirty-five millions. He refused to endanger the forty-one millions without a clear prospect of the colonies being able to make good the loss. The new Canadian tariff has removed many of the objections that were sound enough in 1895. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration has agreed to lower the tariff upon the importation of British goods, and British goods alone. Whatever may have been the reasons for this policy, whether gratitude to the mother-country, as Sir Wilfrid proclaimed, or hostility to the commercial barriers set up by the United States, or merely an enlightened self-interest, it is clear that it contravened the German and Belgian treaties. England was confronted with a dilemma. Either the Canadian offer had to be rendered nugatory or the treaties had to be denounced. Lord Ripon's objections still stand, however. It is a step of the greatest importance, for it is a departure from England's unaggressive trading policy. It means that for the sake of one of her colonies she has laid herself open to retaliation from one of her most formidable commercial rivals. The retaliation is bound to come, and England may find herself inexorably drawn into those fiscal conflicts between nation and nation to her freedom from which she owes her present prosperity. If that be so, the new tie between Canada and herself may be found to have been dearly bought. But it is an odd result historically that any American legislation should be even indirectly the means of drawing England and her colonies closer together.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

President McKinley's recent civil service order may have surprised some spoils politicians whose greed had run away with their judgment, but it cannot have surprised anybody having a just respect for public decency in general and for Mr. McKinley's personal character in particular. The last Republican platform had made this pledge: "The civil service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced, and extended wherever practicable." Mr. McKinley had solemnly accepted this pledge as his own, and declared that there would be "no backward step." An irresponsible ward politician, having no character to lose, might say that, platform or no platform, pledge or no pledge, offices are spoils, and the spoils belong to the victor. But no man of honor, and especially no man of honor being President of the United States, would countenance the violation of a promise so unmistakable and so solemn. The Republican politicians who urged President McKinley to revoke the Cleveland orders of May 6, 1896, which had become part and parcel of the civil service system before the pledge in the Republican platform was made, demanded of him a thing which he could not do without flagrantly breaking the word of his party and his own. They are said to be very wroth at him for having rejected their request. If they ever come to their sober senses, they will humbly go to him to ask his pardon for having insulted him with the expectation that he would be capable of doing something equivalent to writing himself down a dishonest man and dishonoring the party with an ignominious breach of faith. They ought to thank him for having saved the Presidential office and the Republican party from such a disgrace. They will do so some day, unless they have lost all sense of shame and all pride of manhood.

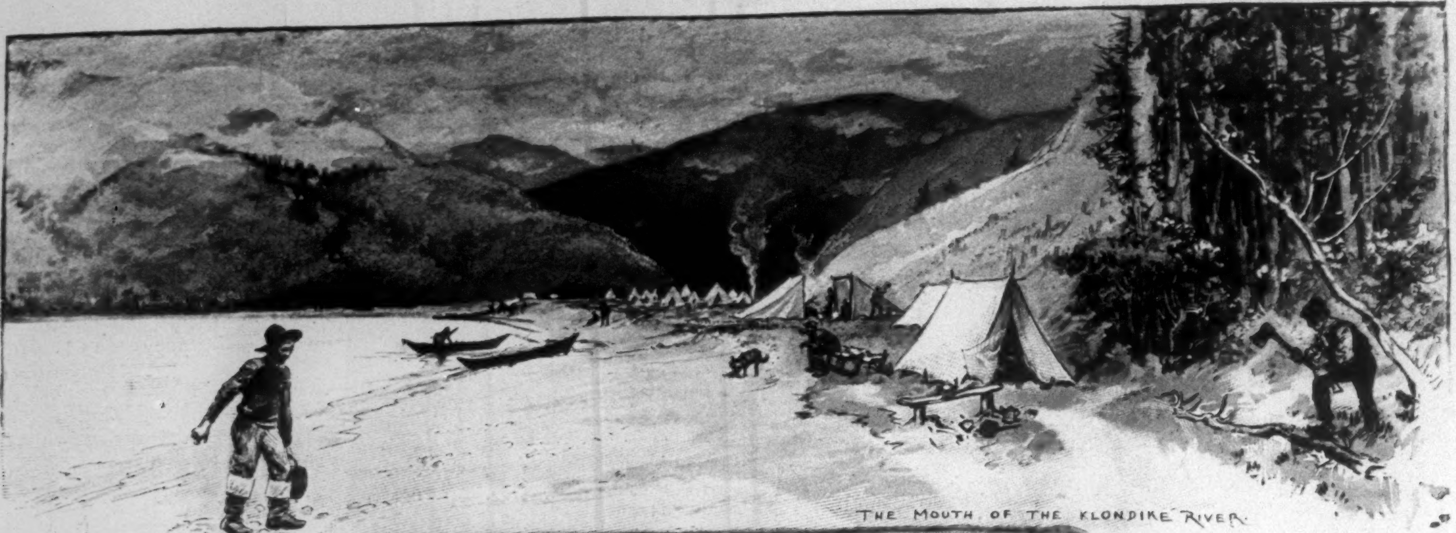
To repel the onset of the spoils-seekers who made so outrageous a demand was, of course, only the President's duty. It must be admitted, however, that such resistance to the pressure brought by party friends is among the most unpleasant as well as the most difficult duties a President has; and as the pressure was in this instance unusually fierce and overbearing, and the recent civil service order must, therefore, be regarded as the outcome of a serious crisis, President McKinley is for the performance of that duty, under circumstances so trying, entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of every friend of good government. But there are two things for which especial credit is due him. The first is the character and bearing of the order itself. The number of the places it excepts from the competitive rule is small. They are all under the Treasury Department. The exceptions were made upon careful consultation with and between the Secretary of the Treasury, who is himself an earnest civil service reformer, and the Civil Service Commission, whose first duty it is to keep diligent watch over the integrity of the system. The candidates for such places are subject to examinations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the Civil Service Commission, which is also to conduct the examinations. The propriety of this arrangement was determined upon by competent and trustworthy authority. There is good reason for expecting that, as appointments and especially promotions solely for merit become more firmly settled in the habits of the service, some of the places in question will cease to require any exceptional treatment.

The President has at the same time extended the competitive rule over all the custom-houses which so far have not been under it. But by far the most important part of the order is that which directs that "no removal shall be made from any position subject to competitive examination except for just cause and upon written charges filed with the head of the department or other appointing officer, and of which the accused shall have full notice and an opportunity to make defence." There has been some difference of opinion among civil service reformers as to whether it would be wise to limit in the slightest degree the discretion of the chief of executive departments in making removals. At first it was thought that if an appointing officer were prevented by the competitive system from making arbitrary appointments, he would have absolutely no inducement for making arbitrary removals. This theory was most pointedly expressed by George William Curtis's well-remembered saying that "if the front door is well guarded, the back door will take care of itself." But the experience of the many years during which the civil service law has been in operation has seriously shaken this view. Mr. Curtis himself was inclined to abandon it. It has turned out that the unrestrained facility in making removals without good cause served as an inducement to appointing officers addicted to spoils methods to open places by arbitrary removals, hoping to find some method of circumventing the civil service law, and thus to fill the vacated places with their favorites. This was accomplished by means of arbitrary promotions, and even by direct appointments. Such tricks were sometimes resorted to in the departments in Washington, and more frequently in the government offices in the country.

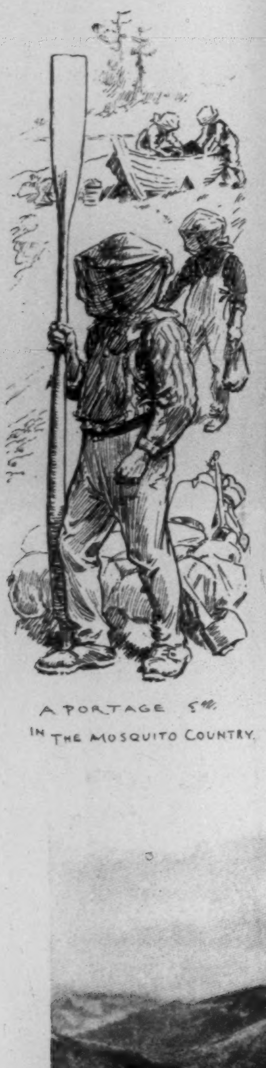
It is important for the efficiency of the service, as well as for the credit of the merit system as to good faith and fair dealing, that such artful violations of the spirit of the civil service law be put a stop to. And this is what President McKinley's order does. It has been suggested that the provision concerning written charges and an opportunity for defence may practically work to the detriment of the discipline of the service. This would be true if the order provided for a regular trial of the charges preferred, the decision to be subject to review by the courts on appeal. Such a practice has been tried in New York, and is decidedly objectionable. But the President's order can hardly be so construed. Its true meaning is doubtless that while no public officer holding a place subject to the competitive rule shall be removed without being officially informed of the reasons why his removal is thought to be necessary, nor without being afforded an opportunity to answer those reasons, if, after hearing or reading that answer, the officer exercising the power of removal is satisfied that the person in question should be removed, he may do so, and that there will be the end. The intention evidently is to prevent the removal of such public servants for improper, especially for political reasons, to make the reasons for every removal a matter of public record, and thus to oblige the executive officer exercising the power of removal to weigh those reasons with conscientious care, as his own character will be at stake. The new rule, carried out in this sense with fidelity and good judgment, will not interfere with executive discretion to the detriment of discipline, but it will protect the service against dangerous abuses. It will inspire the public servant with the confident feeling that his security will depend not upon "influence" nor upon the whim or political bias of his superior officer, but wholly upon his own conduct and character as a public servant. How beneficial to the service this effect of the new rule will be is self-evident.

The second thing which reflects great credit upon President McKinley is that he issued this order at so early a period of his administration. He thus gives prompt notice to the spoils politicians that the pledge of the Republican platform and his own will be honestly kept, and that their pressure upon him for a curtailment or evisceration of the civil service system will be in vain. It may at the same time be taken as a promising symptom of President McKinley's intention not to let the remaining three and a half years of his term pass without giving the principles of the merit system a still wider application in the public service. There is already a rumor going that he intends very materially to improve and to extend the examinations for consular places, for which the business community will be very grateful to him. Nor is it too much to hope that he will take the matter of the small post-offices in hand, and also devise methods for filling by promotion the higher offices in the several departments which are of a purely administrative character, such as auditors and comptrollers. He would thereby no doubt incur the displeasure of the patronage-mongers in his party. But he has incurred that already, and he could hardly avoid incurring it without doing things which as an honorable man he could not do. If he goes much farther in civil service reform that hostility will be no greater than it already is, but it will be far less effective and dangerous, for, as the warmth with which public opinion has acclaimed his new order must have shown him, the completion of civil service reform would give him a position in popular estimation extremely discouraging to the malcontent spoilsmen.

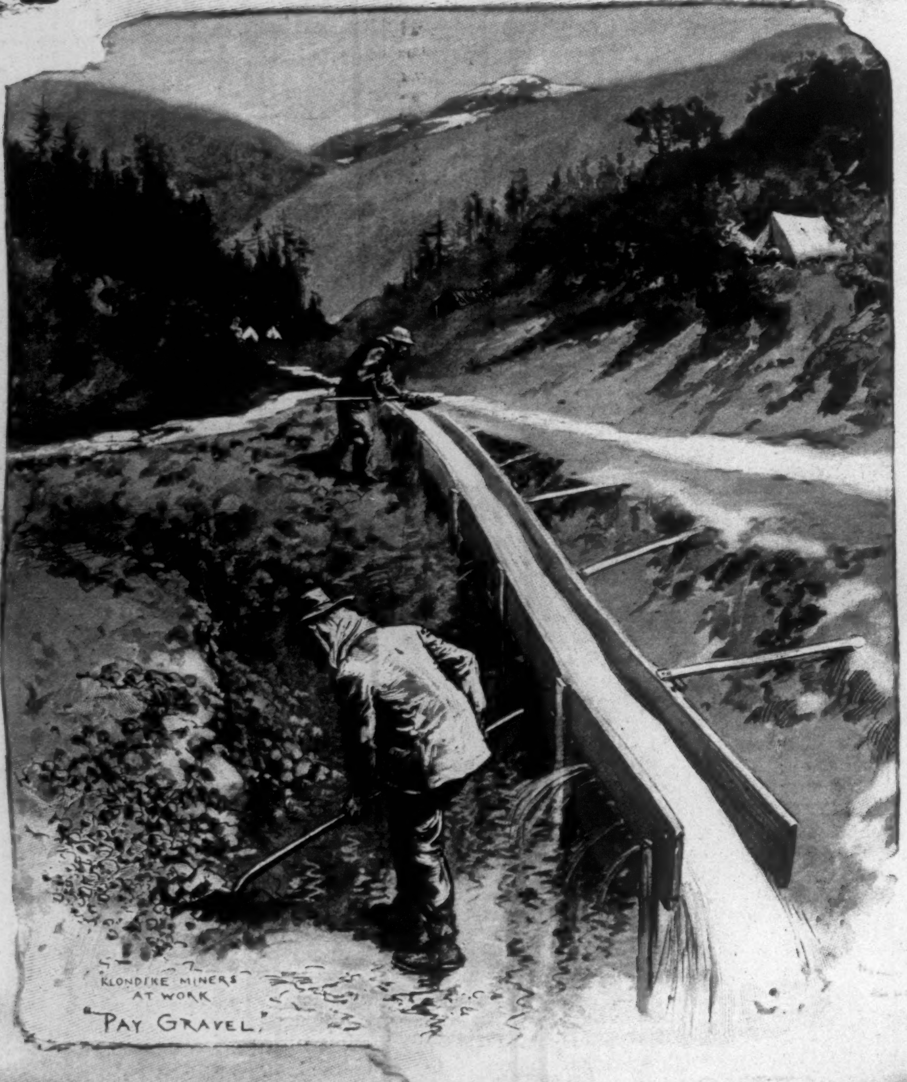
Carl Schurz.



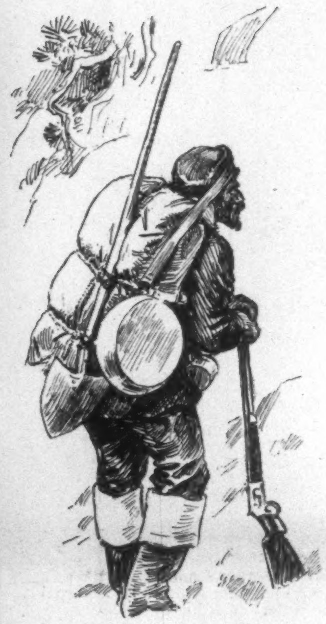
THE MOUTH OF THE KLONDIKE RIVER.



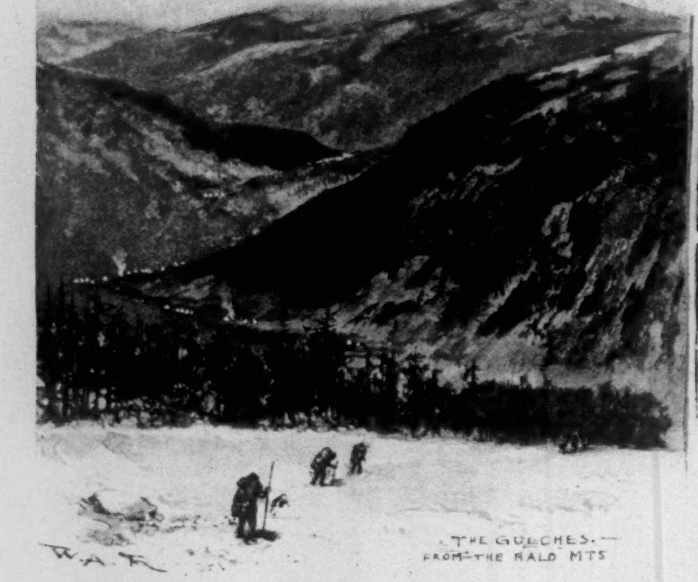
A PORTAGE 5th IN THE MOSQUITO COUNTRY.



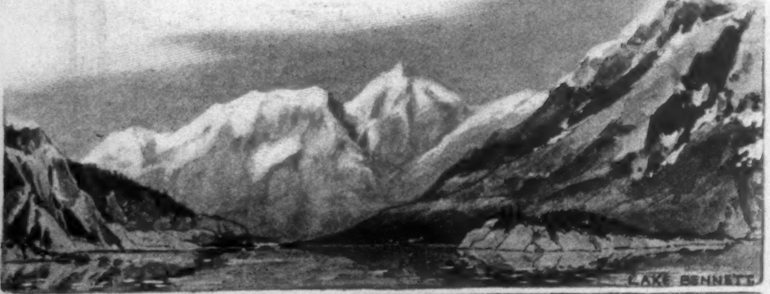
KLONDIKE MINERS AT WORK "PAY GRAVEL."



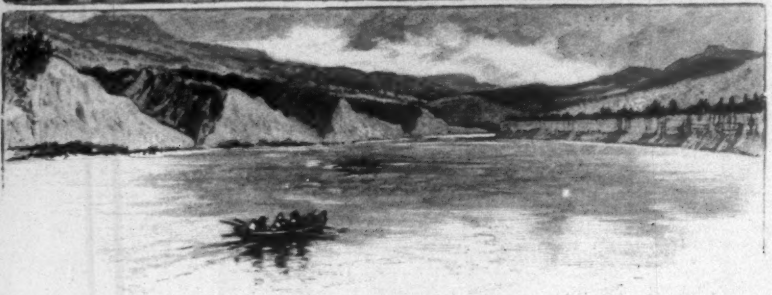
ON THE ROAD TO THE DIGGINGS.



THE GULCHES. — FROM THE BALD MTS



LAKE BENNETT



ENTRANCE TO THE UPPER RAMPARTS

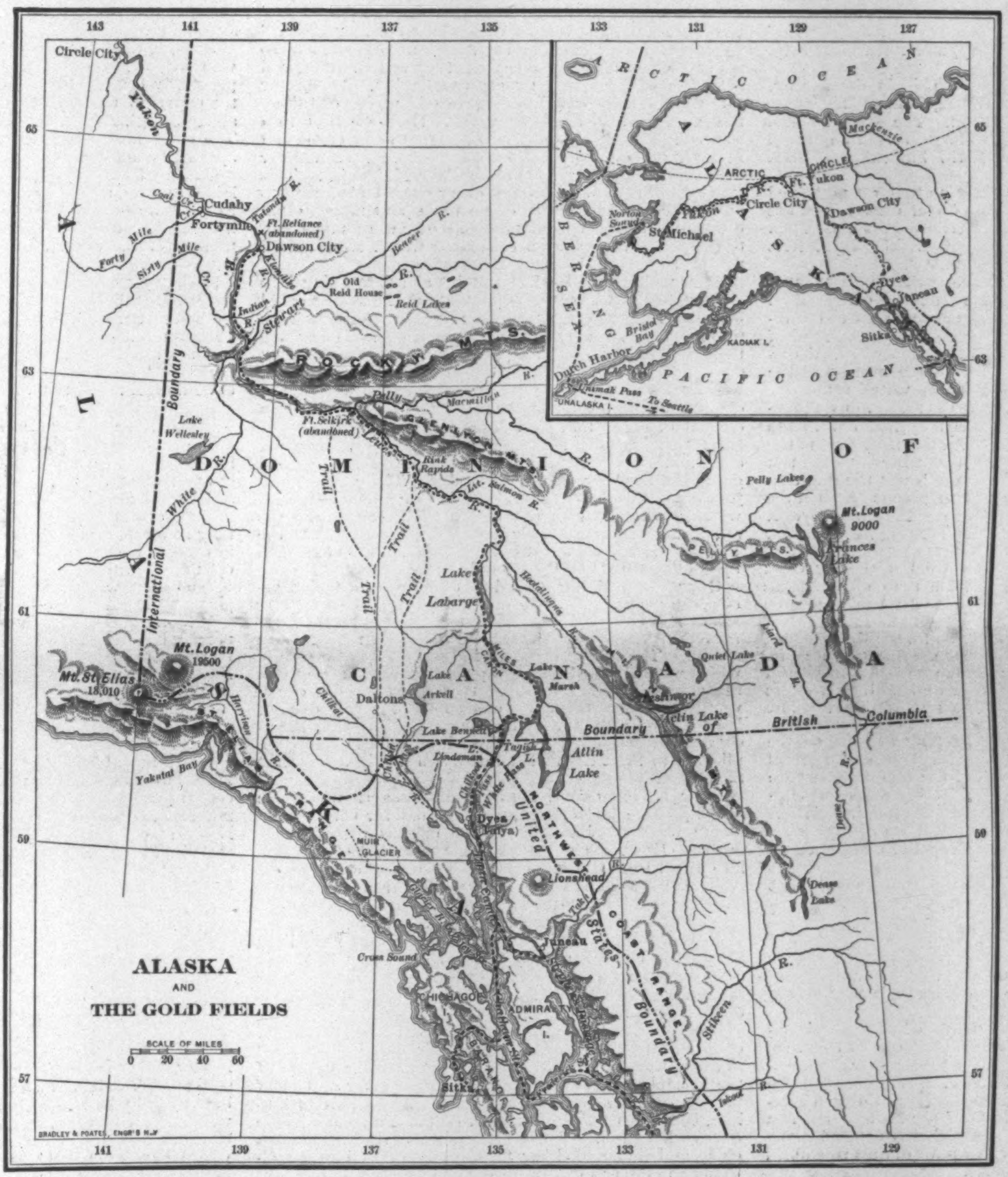
THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES—SCENES AT AND ALONG THE ROUTES TO THE NEW DIGGINGS.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM SKETCHES BY HENRY T. PRATT.

THE YUKON GOLD REGION.

In May, 1887, a Canadian surveyor, William Ogilvie, in the service of Canada, began one of the most noteworthy explorations made in North America in a long time. He was away from civilization nearly two years, travelled 2700 miles in wild and largely unexplored parts of eastern Alaska and northwestern Canada, and some of his route was in a country never visited by a white man before. He gave the first adequate description of the route our miners had taken, under Indian guidance, to the placer diggings on Stewart River and Forty Mile Creek, by way of Chilkoot Pass, Lake Labarge, and the Lewes River to the Yukon. He wintered north of the arctic circle, then crossed the divide into the Mackenzie basin, and worked his way south through the system of lakes and tributaries till he reached Ottawa again.

Ogilvie's chief purpose was the determination of points on the 141st meridian, designated by treaty as the international boundary from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Ocean. The points he established varied only a few feet or rods from those determined later by more refined observations. They were a great surprise to our Yukon miners, who ceased to clamor for a United States post-office at Forty Mile Camp when they learned it was in British territory. Most of their placer claims were across the border in Alaska, but the miners supposed they were conducting all their enterprises on American soil, and suddenly developed a great desire to learn something about Canadian mining laws.



MAP OF THE KLONDIKE REGION, SHOWING THE ROUTES TO THE GOLD-FIELDS.

Since his first explorations Ogilvie has spent much time in the gold regions of the upper Yukon and its tributaries. He has been surveying and mapping numerous creeks entering the Yukon, where many camps are working rich placer diggings. Some of them are in Canada and some in Alaska, and so Ogilvie has been fixing other points on the border, to ascertain what part of these scenes of activity is amenable to Canadian law. He has the confidence of the miners, and though his boundary markings are merely provisional, everybody accepts his decisions for the time. He has also been settling disputes among miners by surveying their placer claims; and his explorations in the region of the new coal discoveries on Coal Creek, his reports on the wonderful development of the gold industry, his photographs and maps, which have been printed in the Reports of the Canadian Department of the Interior, are altogether the richest sources of reliable information about the Yukon gold-fields yet accessible.

There is other information of much value, such as Dr. Dawson's report on the region of the Lewes River, Mr. McConnell's examination of the Yukon south of the Porcupine, and Mr. Spurr's survey of last year, the detailed report of which will soon be published by our Geological Survey. But Ogilvie has spent months in all that region where other investigators have been only days or weeks, and no other reliable data at hand are so varied, detailed, and complete as his. This is why the Canadian government, in its pamphlet of information on the Yukon district just issued, depends almost entirely upon Ogilvie. The facts in this article are chiefly compiled from his writings.

Many thousands of tons of freight are now at Dyea (Taiya on the latest maps), ready to be packed through the snows and up the steep ascents of Chilkoot Pass to the lake and river system beyond, where it will be floated down to the Yukon.

We have just heard that the Canadian government is sending a party of surveyors to White Pass, a little east of Chilkoot, to confirm, if possible, Ogilvie's opinion that this route offers a better way to the waters leading to the Yukon than Chilkoot Pass. He discovered and named White Pass; it was explored by Captain Moore, of his party, and Ogilvie believes that while a practicable road cannot be built through Chilkoot, a wagon road, and even a railroad, may be carried up the far lesser grades of White Pass. We shall learn next year whether this view is confirmed by more thorough examination.

It is by no means smooth sailing on the lakes and rivers beyond the passes. In the summer stiff winds blow inland from the coast, raising rollers on the lakes that trouble small freight-boats; and the only rapid transit is among the rapids, where the boats skim along at thirteen miles an hour, and are liable to upsets, except at high water. The alternative route, by way of St. Michael and the Yukon, is far easier, but its disadvantage is that it takes much more time. The miner who leaves St. Michael by the first boat of summer does not reach the gold-fields till an important part of the short season has passed. So most miners prefer the overland route. This is why so much thought is given just now to finding and improving the best overland way. But until a railroad connects the coast with the gold-fields, most of the supplies may continue to be carried up the Yukon.

The lakes along the overland route are merely widenings of the river-courses. We hear most about Lindeman and Labarge, the latter being the point reached by the linemen of the Western Union Telegraph Company when they were called back by news that the Atlantic cable had been successfully laid, and the company had abandoned its project to stretch a line of telegraph across Bering Strait, through Asia, to Europe. The lake was named after Mike Labarge, the leader of the party.

The distance from Dyea, where the land march begins, to the mouth of the Klondike is 575 miles. Hard work is over when the Lewes River is reached, and the boats drift down to the Yukon. The whole course of this river through the gold-fields is bordered by mountains of granite, shale, and limestone, extending far away on either side. Through many a ravine and canyon, creeks and rivers join the Yukon, and each of these has its lesser system of tributaries. It is in the alluvial wash from these many streams throughout this expansive net-work of waterways among the mountains that the placer gold is found.

Many of these ravines and gulches have not been prospected. Regions like the Stewart River, profitably worked for a season or two and then abandoned, have drawn new prospectors, who have made richer finds than those known there before. Nobody knows how extensive these gold-fields are, and it may be long before they are even superficially prospected.

The Klondike discoveries have diverted all eyes from many Yukon tributaries where miners produced exceptional results last year. Who hears now of Glacier and Miller creeks, where nearly one hundred claims were worked in 1896, every one paying a handsome profit, while the largest producer yielded $40,000 in 1895 and $75,000 last year? These sums were obtained from working out part of a claim 500 feet long in the narrow valley. Gold has been found all along Sixty Mile Creek, and on dozens of smaller streams towards which no influx of miners is yet tending.

It is only eleven months since G. W. Cormack, happily pinning his faith to Indian reports, turned up the Klondike, discovered rich indications, and located the first claim in the world-famous diggings. Two weeks later Mr. Ogilvie estimated that there was room for at least 1000 claims on the little river and its creeks. Then the despatches to his government became very frequent as he recorded the wonderful story that kindled the Klondike fever. But one phase of the news he sent has been overlooked, because the leading feature absorbed all interest. This phase is significant.

Almost simultaneously with the discovery of the Klondike diggings, reports came in of most important finds in other Yukon regions, both north and south of the place where Cormack made his lucky hit. Rich prospects were found on Indian Creek. Prospectors reported that the district between the Klondike and Stewart rivers was the richest gold region they had ever seen. Excellent reports came from the branches of the Stewart River. Gold was found in the valleys of tributaries of the Pelly and all along the Hootalinqua. Quartz discoveries were made on the Klondike and in various other places, and some of the ledges were said to be large and very rich; and more placer diggings were reported on the American side of the line. "I think," wrote Ogilvie, long before last year's discovery, "that rich finds will yet be made, both of coarse gold and gold-bearing quartz. It is not likely that such a vast country should have all its gold deposited as sediment. If this is not the case, the matrix from which all the gold on these streams has come must still exist, in part at least, and will no doubt be discovered."

This prediction is being fulfilled by the developments of the past fifteen months. Last year our Geological Survey sent out a party to make a reconnoissance of the gold resources of the upper Yukon. This party, led by Mr. J. E. Spurr, during its explorations of Forty Mile and Birch creeks and other gold-bearing places, determined the position of the rocks from which is derived the gold found in the river gravels. These rocks form a broad belt running northwest into Alaska from British territory. The gold in this belt occurs partly in quartz veins, and partly in deposits where one stratum of rock has slipped over another. The Yukon region is certainly destined to have stamp-mills and concentrators as well as pans and sluice-boxes.

Forty Mile, Cudahy, and Circle City, the famous mining towns on the Yukon, are now almost deserted, but their marked decline began months before the exodus to the Klondike set in. An interesting change in the habits of the miners planted the seeds of their downfall. In the earlier years all work on the placers was abandoned during the long winter months, and there was a massing of miners in the settlements, and loafing, gambling, dancing, and high jinks generally marked a few little spots in the vast bleak land. But the miners now turn the winter twilight to better profit. They stay on their claims, thaw out the frozen dirt, lift it to the surface to be washed in the summer, and visit the towns rarely, except to replenish their supplies. Probably Dawson City will not share in this general decay of town life, for a host of miners delve within a few miles of the settlement, and its attractions are more accessible than were those of Forty Mile and Cudahy to the miners who made and marred them.

Cyrus C. Adams.

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY'S EXPEDITION TO THE YUKON IN 1896.

When, in the middle of this century, Robert Campbell, of the Hudson Bay Trading Company, established Fort Selkirk, at the junction of the Pelly and Lewes rivers, he little thought that scarcely one hundred and fifty miles to the north lay an immense treasure stored in the bed of a small river and its tributaries. This was the first time that white men had invaded the region which has become famous as the Yukon gold-field. The Klondike was known to them only as a place where profitable trade might be carried on with the Indians.

But the search for the precious metals, to which the world owes most of its greatest discoveries, led many into the far Northwest, and the pioneer prospector, with shovel, pick, and pan, opened the way to the Yukon Valley. Gold was discovered; two towns were established, and were occupied by a more or less permanent population; a little republic grew up—one which, without officers, governed itself. The production of gold began to attract considerable attention. This was the condition of affairs when, last summer, an expedition was sent by the United States Geological Survey to make an investigation of these gold-producing districts.

The party was under the leadership of Mr. J. E. Spurr, and with him were Mr. F. C. Schrader and the writer. During our trip, which was made over the usual miners' route, through the Chilkoot Pass, and covered the entire length of the Yukon Valley, with all the districts which were at that time producing gold, we were of course brought into intimate relations with the miners, both newcomers and "old-timers."

From Juneau, on the southeast coast of Alaska, where we arrived the first week in June, we sailed in a small tugboat, in company with fifty belated Yukoners, to Dyea, whence the miners all start for their trip to the interior. I think that hundred-mile trip in the little overcrowded *Rustler* will long live in our memory as one of the most disagreeable ever taken. A bed on a hard table was the choice berth—a painful contrast to the luxurious staterooms of the tourist steamer which had carried us from Seattle to Juneau.

At Dyea we were introduced to the Chilkat Indians who were to pack our goods over the pass. After some delay, caused by a disagreement concerning the proper amount of compensation for this service, we started early one morning from Sheep Camp, a few miles from Dyea. A thick fog covered the summits as we pushed onward over the glaciers and scrambled over vast heaps of rocks, beneath which could be heard the roar of waters from the melting snows. Before us trudged our Indian "packers," loaded with all they could carry, and resembling huge turtles rather than men.

We crossed the summit, and suddenly descending, reached the first of the Yukon waters, Crater Lake, whose surface is frozen all the year round. The song of a bird could be heard in the morning stillness, but nothing could be seen of the Yukon Valley, still hidden by a thick mist.

It was with a feeling of indignation that we perceived even this remote spot, with all its wild beauty, had not escaped the desecration of the advertisement fiend. Upon a cliff at the foot of Crater Lake appeared in huge letters the legend, "Go to ——'s drug-store, Juneau."

After having traversed the frozen surface of three small lakes we reached Lake Lindeman. Here the clouds lifted enough to give us our first comprehensive view of the interior of Alaska. At our feet a little stream, the head of the Lewes River, plunged in a succession of grand cataracts through a rocky canyon. To the north was the lake, a placid sheet of clear greenish water, some five miles long, enclosed on all sides by precipitous mountains except where the great valley opened out to the north. This lake or Lake Bennett, the next one, is the place usually selected to build the boat in which the rest of the journey is to be made, for here is met the first timber. We were fortunate enough to procure a boat, the *Skookum*, in which we accomplished our 1800-mile voyage.

Putting up a tent fly for a sail, and arranging an oar for a mast, we started. After many days of sailing, rowing, and delay on account of storms, we left the icy coast range far behind, and emerged from the chain of lakes into the Lewes River. We floated past banks covered with wild roses and other flowers. Here and there a cool mossy glen opened through the birch forest; the tracks of the moose could be seen on the shore. Alaska is a country of deceitful surprises, for though such nooks seemed delightfully inviting, no sooner did we land than we were surrounded by clouds of ferocious mosquitoes, whose number and savageness it is impossible to exaggerate.

In the daytime it was only by keeping well out on the stream that any relief could be found. During the period that serves for night in this land of the midnight sun we fastened our boat to the shore, and having eaten our supper of beans and flapjacks, wrapped ourselves in blankets and slept well under a clear sky. But we always wore our head-covering of mosquito-netting and our gloves by night as well as by day.

Often at this time when the sun was at its lowest point there would be a change of temperature from 80°, as registered at mid-day, to the freezing-point; but we welcomed the frosts, which served to check the monotonous hum of the mosquitoes who were hovering around us, striving to reach us through the meshes of our netting.

After passing White Horse Rapids and Lake Labarge we were off again on the swollen river, scudding past timbered islands, at the upstream points of which were always encountered log jams, which form one of the principal obstacles to navigation in the upper river. Many a boat has been swamped in the rush of water round the points of these islands. We glided swiftly through a region of rolling hills, under bluffs of sand a hundred feet high, down which the loose material was constantly descending in little landslides, whose puffs of dust resembled smoke when seen from a distance.

Just below Fort Selkirk we came to a range of mountains through which the river, now called the Yukon, flows for about a hundred and fifty miles. These mountains are called the Ramparts.

On July 5 we arrived at an Indian village situated in a little bottom-land on the right bank of the river. Behind it rose the Rampart Mountains, while extending back into the heart of the range was the valley of a small river whose branches could be traced on either side. This was the village of Klondike. It was composed of two or three well-built log huts and many tents, around which squatted many Indians laughing and talking, for these children of the North are vivacious. With them also were many of the Mahlemute dogs, so useful during the winter—all, Indians and dogs, watching pots of food boiling on the fire.

There seemed to be no young men among the inhabitants, which was explained by the fact that all the "Skookum" bucks were up the valley watching for salmon, which in June ascend the Klondike to spawn. The fish had so far not appeared, and consequently there was "helomuck-a-muck," or, in plain English, little food in the village. At this time no gold had been discovered, though just before leaving the mouth of the Yukon we heard of the "strike."

We filled our water-buckets with clear water from the Klondike River at a point near where Dawson City was founded two months later, and then proceeded onward to Forty Mile, where we arrived the next day. Forty Mile was the first mining-camp established in the country, and at the time of our visit had increased to a population of 700, though since that time I understand it is completely deserted. The town itself is made up of low log cabins, upon the roof of which are often little gardens, where vegetables are raised in small quantities during the brief summer. The saloons, of course, are numerous, gambling is open, and a dance-house flourishes, but if one expects to find a disorderly crowd filling the streets of the little town he is mistaken, for it is generally quiet, especially in the summer, when most of the men are hard at work in the gulches. The diggings are distant fifty to one hundred miles up the valley of Forty Mile Creek, which, like most of the so-called creeks in this vast country, is really a river, being nearly two hundred miles long.

Twenty-three miles from its mouth it is crossed by the international boundary-line, which, as run by the Canadian Survey, is along the divide between Forty Mile and Sixty Mile creeks, and leaves some of the richest producing gulches in British territory. An opinion is prevalent among patriotic but unreasoning American miners that the gentlemen who ran the line for the Dominion have falsified results in order to include these gulches. However, it is safe to say that when the United States cooperates with Great Britain, it will be found that this opinion is groundless, and that the 141st meridian has not been incorrectly located.

The method of reaching the diggings is by "tracking" or "poling," or by both methods together. In tracking, the boat is towed by one man, while another, walking near the beach, keeps the bow well out from the shore by a pole. Or a man may stand in the boat and propel it by pushing against the bottom with a long pole. "Poling" is generally employed in travelling up stream, and so adept do the men become that they sometimes travel against a swift current twenty miles a day. While our rate was not quite equal to this, we still made good time, and soon arrived at Moose Creek. Here the trail to a part of the Forty Mile district leaves the main creek, and here we put our "packs" on our backs and started for a thirty-mile journey over the Bald Mountains. This "packing" is the *bête noire* of every one who is forced to do it; for in this country of no roads and mossy, often boggy ground, the traveller finds his own weight sufficient to carry, and the addition of seventy-five or one hundred pounds to his load is almost intolerable.

After visiting the Bald Mountains and descending into every valley in which the white tents of the miners could be seen from the summit, we returned to Forty Mile Creek, where we had stored our provisions in a *cache* safe from wild animals, and resumed our journey up the main creek. The stream grew shallower as we proceeded, and was filled with "riffles," or rapids, through which we were obliged to tow, push, and almost lift our boat against a current of eight miles an hour. We walked in water from morning until night, and were glad when evening came and we could sit around the camp fire, our drenched garments hanging on a tree to dry. The end of our journey in this district was a number of gulches—one of which, 100 miles from the mouth of the creek, has the reputation of having produced the largest nugget in the Yukon. It was valued at $500, and has not been exceeded by the latest finds on the Klondike.

Our work, which consisted in mapping the region geologically, finding out the origin of the gold, its manner of occurrence in the gravels, and all the facts relating to its recovery, being completed, we turned our boat down stream. The descent through the succession of rapids in which we had toiled on the upward journey is one to be remembered for its wildness. It was a succession of adventures, some of them not unaccompanied with danger. However, we came through all the riffles with their sunken rocks and boiling currents without mishap, accomplishing in three days what had taken nearly ten against the stream.

After having calked the *Skookum's* seams, which the rough passage had opened, we departed for Circle City, where we arrived August 5, two months after leaving Seattle. From this, our northernmost town, we "packed" into the Birch Creek district. This is the largest in American Alaska, is situated sixty miles from the base of supplies, and is approached by a trail which leads through a swampy country known as the Yukon Flats. Here we visited all the gold gulches, where the miners were hard at work. The district is richer than Forty Mile, but otherwise the same conditions prevail—the same rolling mountains, the same rocks, and the identical mosquitoes, or their near relatives.

Returning to Circle City, we dropped down the river, continuing our investigations along the way. We stopped at the newly discovered little district near the mouth of the Tanana, where an Indian is the discoverer and chief proprietor. Finally we reached the trading port of Nulato, 500 miles from the mouth of the Yukon, and here our work ended; for the next day the river steamboat came, and we boarded her for the homeward journey, although in doing so we were obliged to abandon our boat which had carried us so many hundred miles.

This ended our summer in the Yukon Valley, followed by an ocean voyage of nineteen days before we set foot in San Francisco. HAROLD B. GOODRICH.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

BERLIN, *July 19, 1897.*

AT no time since 1865 has the Prussian government been so unpopular as to-day, and at no time since the founding of the Empire has the German Emperor invited criticism so universal and so unfriendly. This shows that the best of men may become the worst of monarchs, and that popular discontent cannot be stayed by personal virtues alone. Old William I., now officially styled William the Great, was a splendid man in his way, but in the stormy days of 1848 he had to conceal himself in England for fear of the mob. His predecessor, Frederick William IV., was made to bare his head before the rebellious Berlin citizens as the price of his remaining on the throne. That King's father, Frederick William III., had packed up his crown and sceptre in 1807, so near was he to being driven into exile, along with other helpless monarchs whose thrones were kicked from under them by the boot of Napoleon. Nor should the Hohenzollerns of to-day forget that Napoleon would never have been driven out of Prussia but for the patriotic mob headed by patriotic Liberals who fought for liberty and a free constitution in 1813, 1814, and 1815.

Thus for a century there has not been a Prussian King who at some time has not owed his position, if not his life, to the loyalty and forbearance of the German people.

This German people has asked for nothing beyond that measure of constitutional liberty which all other Germanic or Anglo-Saxon communities have enjoyed for centuries, and which even Latin nations have had for more than fifty years.

To-day Germans have a mockery of constitutional government. But their police and soldiery are real. Some days ago two seasoned and highly respected ministers were turned out of office for no reasons that have as yet been given to the public. Little things like this prepared the revolution of 1848. Parliament has not been consulted, nor will it be. Germans here talk as they did after the death of Hardenberg in 1822, when the courtiers and squires (Junkers) commenced to fill all the government posts, and to treat the people as merely there for the purpose of revenue.

A week ago several Russians, who were studying at the Berlin University, were arrested without cause; their rooms were invaded without process of law, and their private papers ransacked by the police.

I have carefully watched the papers since, but not a word has the police allowed to transpire regarding this outrage. The students have been since released, but no reparation offered. Of course they were Poles, and presumably they were harassed at the request of the Russian police.

Then, again, I wrote you last week about a young lady who was dragged to the Cologne police station under peculiarly brutal circumstances. She was innocent, and the papers of the day stated that the outraged father was about bringing an action for damages against the police. The whole matter has been hushed up, and not a line has appeared since on the subject.

On July 5 two apprentice boys, about sixteen years old, had a quarrel, and one of them ran to a police station in Berlin and accused his mate of having used disrespectful language against the Emperor. The evidence was most faulty, yet the court sentenced the lad to four months imprisonment.

Such things, multiplied by hundreds, point to a police government based upon force alone, and not upon the consent of the governed. Officers in the army and court officials tell me that the German people need to be kicked like recruits in order that they may look up to their superiors. I don't see the evidence of this very clearly, but I do feel revolution in the air.

It is curious to note that in the past 100 years Germany has not produced a single statesman who has not been ignominiously ejected from his post by the monarch. The greatest of German statesmen was no doubt Stein, who saved the Prussian monarchy in 1807. He was dismissed in a note full of insult. His successor, Hardenberg, lived long in office, but in his latter years he was minister only in name. He was virtually dismissed. These two greatest in constitutional Prussia were hateful to the King because they wished the people to have some share in the government.

With the exception of Bismarck and the two I have just named, has Germany produced a single public man of note in this century? If she has, who is it, that the average American of intelligence has never heard of him?

German Liberals are preparing for the eightieth birthday of Mommsen, the historian of Rome and the friend of liberty. He was forced to give up his professorship in consequence of his political activity in the revolution of 1848, but was welcomed in Switzerland when his own country drove him away. He is a splendid specimen of manhood, with eyes that pierce like those of Mark Twain. Indeed, the likeness between Mommsen and Mark Twain is striking; both have the aquiline nose, the massive shock of hair, the sharply cut, positive chin, and, above all, the quality of intellectual keenness so strongly expressed by the eyes. The first time that I had the honor of meeting the great historian was at the house of a German friend in Berlin. The occasion was a gathering where nothing was read or discussed but Thucydides. I must confess that the Greek historian bored me, and that Mommsen stimulated. When the Greek part was over, we talked of other things over a table filled with sausage, brown bread, and beer-mugs. Mommsen on that occasion talked excellent English, and seemed a very professor of English, or rather Yankee, literature. He discussed Bret Harte and Mark Twain, John Hay and Lowell. He knew our humorists by heart, and had met personally many of our writers. He was keen to hear of new names in our literature, and wrote down several whom I named. A stranger would have supposed that Theodor Mommsen cared for nothing but modern American writing.

Mommsen is the last of the famous quartet of German intellectual giants whose activity in advanced years has excited the admiration of the world. Curtius, Sybel, Helmholtz, these have recently left us—Mommsen alone remains. Will the German government take part in this celebration? I doubt it, for Mommsen is a "Liberal," and as such is branded by the Bismarckian and official classes as "unpatriotic." The great anthropologist Virchow is all but boycotted in Berlin because he is a Liberal. It is not likely that even for a Mommsen the political bitterness will cease for a single day.

The German government to-day preaches protectionism and passive obedience, tariff war against America and police war against popular aspirations. The German papers cannot escape these influences, and preach hatred from day to day where they should preach the brotherhood of man. This is sad to contemplate, for Germany is naturally looked up to as a great reservoir of scientific and literary wealth. Germans used to be generous towards foreign countries—particularly towards England and America, which have sheltered their exiled brethren and paid wages to millions of their emigrants. Yet I scarcely ever see now a reference to England that is not dictated by spite. Even the great Jubilee of Queen Victoria calls forth malevolent observations in the official press of Berlin; and as for saying a good word for America, that would be regarded as treason. Our German friends must be sought in the ranks of the small Liberal section that dares to think for itself. Yet we all brag about the moral and intellectual triumphs of this nineteenth century.

Yesterday I spent some interesting hours walking up and down the several miles of iron and glass enclosure under which is exhibited the so-called "Grosse Berliner Kunst Ausstellung," or Berlin "Salon." It reminded me of Washington twenty years ago—a magnificent capital, lacking only population. The Berlin painters have lots of room; they are all hung beautifully on the line, and even have considerable space on either side. An English R.A. could not have been better treated in Burlington House than the feeblest painter here hung. The impression made upon me was that there was a scarcity of good contributors, and that in consequence the hanging committee had attempted to conceal the fact as well as they could. Why there should be so little good work done in Berlin I cannot imagine, except by supposing that soldiers and officials do not care to buy paintings, or that those who do are not particular so long as they are cheap.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

No one has confessed as yet to the authorship of *America and the Americans from a French Point of View*, that saucy and amusing book the writer of which knows so much more about this country than any traveller, French or other, could pick up in a round of visits. It makes one smile to find a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* speaking of the unknown culprit as "this keen and observing French author," and as "a civilized Frenchman" who was "naturally shocked" by some things that he saw in Boston. It is not right to impose so on an honest, simple-minded Bostonian. The *Transcript* should whisper to its friend that experienced readers suspect that the point of view of that book is not more Gallic than is the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street in New York. How about the French edition of the book? Has any one seen one?

About the middle of next month there will be celebrated at Geneseo the centennial anniversary of the signing of the treaty between the Seneca Indians and the representatives of Robert Morris, which enabled Morris to make good his sales of land to the Holland Land Company, and opened the Genesee Valley to settlement. Genesee is from an Indian word which means big tree. The famous big tree under which the Iroquois held their councils stood on the bank of the Genesee River, near the Indian village which was the forerunner of the present Geneseo. There, on August 28, 1797, the council opened, Thomas Morris appearing for his father, Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, of Connecticut, representing the Federal government, and Red Jacket, Cornplanter, and other chiefs of note speaking for the Indians. Red Jacket opposed the sale, but was overruled, and for a hundred thousand dollars, of which the income was to be annually paid, Morris got an immense tract of fertile land, and the immigration from the East into the Genesee country began. It is in memory of that westward movement that many of the older towns of central and western New York, as Utica and Auburn, still have their Genesee streets, which originally were bits of the old road which presently became the stage road to the Genesee Valley.

Persons who complain of the modern novel, and are tired of its puppets and the chronicle of their existence, are respectfully advised to try a chapter or two of Mr. John Fox's "Kentuckians" now under full headway in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Most Kentuckians are interesting, but few people realize what exceedingly different and remarkable varieties of interesting folks the State harbors. We all read from time to time about the Kentucky mountaineers and their feuds and private wars, and wonder how there came to be such people in a State which has been in the Union for a hundred and five years, and has civilized communities on every side of it. Mr. Fox explains, and does it in such a way that our interest in the problem is increased by the information that it feeds on.

Twenty-four out of thirty-seven members of the faculty of Brown University have petitioned the corporation not to accept the resignation of President Andrews, but instead to "express clearly to the world the determination to maintain in this ancient university, in the fullest measure, its honorable and priceless traditions of academical freedom." The signers are for the most part the younger members of the faculty, who have become connected with it since Dr. Andrews became president.

It has been reported in the newspapers that Dr. Andrews would undertake the management of a new university, so-called, to be started by Mr. John Brisben Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, which should have for the present neither an endowment nor fixed habitation, but should direct the studies of learners who would seek knowledge at home and in their spare time. How far this project has gone is best known to Mr. Walker. Some accounts say that Dr. Andrews's connection with it depends on whether his resignation is accepted, and it does not seem by any means certain that that will happen.

There are other signs besides the protest of the twenty-four members of the Brown faculty that to have Dr. Andrews leave Brown under the existing circumstances would do the university more harm than to have him stay. In so far as the request of the trustees, that he should abstain from promulgating his views about silver, was based on what a contemporary commentator calls "the sordid ground that his bimetallist views repelled donations from wealthy men," it was weak, and probably did injustice to the trustees themselves. Undoubtedly they would stand by their president at any cost in the expression of sentiments which they respected, even though they did not share them. The trouble with Dr. Andrews's stand on the silver issue is not that the trustees do not stand with him, but that they are ashamed of his views. Of him personally, however, they are not ashamed at all, and their good-will toward him will aid immensely in bringing to bear the mutual patience and forbearance that the situation seems to demand.

The Daisy Fields Hospital for Crippled Children, at Englewood, reports it "very difficult in these times to provide sufficient funds to carry on our work." Its work is the receiving of crippled children of poor parents and giving them surgical treatment. The hospital is efficiently and economically managed. Its expenses last year were about $8000. Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, of the Charity Organization Society, 105 East Twenty-second Street, receives contributions for it.

Readers and admirers of Anthony Trollope, who remember his prodigious and indefatigable industry will regret to learn that the fruits of it have not sufficed for the support of his widow. He left a considerable fortune, but it was not judiciously invested, and Mrs. Trollope's income has fallen off so much that lately, at the solicitation of her friends, Mr. Balfour granted her a civil-list pension of £100 a year. She has given up her London house and lives on the Continent.

The *Sun* and the Buffalo *Commercial* are in gratifying agreement about the word "brainy." The *Commercial*, being taken to task, apparently, for using it, admits that it is "a vile word." The *Sun* says it "should be avoided even by writers of circus advertisements on country barns." This is perhaps an extreme view, since it is just possible that the word might be tolerated in describing a big-headed freak in a side-show. But certainly, if it can lawfully express anything, it is deformity. It is a word of disparagement, and not a good word even for that.

Mr. William A. White, of Kansas, the editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, admits that the town he lives in has petticoat government, and maintains that it thrives on it. Writing in the August *Atlantic* about "A Typical Kansas Community," he says it is true that women shape the sentiment of the Kansas town, and as a result of their influence he points to Emporia, "a town of 8000 inhabitants, without a saloon, without a strange woman, without a drunkard." The chief street corners of most towns in most States, he says (not without a little exaggeration), are occupied by dram-shops. In Emporia, of the four corners made by the crossing of the two principal streets, three are occupied by banks, and the other by a bookstore, where the boys and young men of the town find a meeting-place. He draws an attractive picture of the "clean, shrewd, active young men who have been brought up in a town where the women make public sentiment, but wherein a woman has never held an administrative municipal office." Mr. White's typical Kansas town seems to have exceedingly good points. Perhaps an alien eye would see features of it which he has overlooked. If Mr. Owen Wister, who makes in the current HARPER'S MAGAZINE so instructive a report of the condition of the Southwestern town of Sharon, would stop off at Emporia on one of his journeys West, the results of his observations there would undoubtedly be read with interest, and might form a valuable supplement to the information afforded by Mr. White.

Florence, in northwestern Alabama, on the Tennessee River, is an interesting monument to the power of the human imagination. Something about the situation of the place and the quality of the iron ore in its vicinity, and perhaps the local provision of coal, has twice been able to excite the hopes of investors. It is related that when General Jackson was on his way to New Orleans to settle his memorable dispute with General Pakenham, he noted the site of Florence as a good place for a town, and was a participator in the offerings of the first Cypress Land Company, which started, in 1818, the first Florence boom and put town lots on the market. The boom blew over, but Florence kept on, and a gazeteer of 1843 credits it with streets 100 feet wide which crossed at right angles, and with a court-house, a jail, two churches, two female academies, a cotton-factory, and about 2000 inhabitants.

Its next boom was fabricated in 1888, seventy years after its foundation, and was wonderfully successful as a boom. The town had fallen off in population, but under the inspiration of the Florence Land Company it swelled in three months from a population of 1200 to one of about 7000. Real-estate values soared. Five-hundred-dollar lots brought $25,000, and house sites sold for $150 a front foot. Every one was happy for a time, and Florence is happy still. It is still a town of 7000 population, with well-paved streets, fine buildings, and large manufacturing plants. A great deal has been done for its comfort, and its residents appreciate their blessings. All that seems to ail it is that as a place for investment it has proved less remunerative than was expected. On August 2 all the property of the Florence Land, Mining, and Manufacturing Company and of the Florence Educational, Land, and Development Company was sold at auction for $60,000. The property was worth at one time $3,000,000, and included the grounds and buildings of the Baptist University, which cost $80,000, twenty-six dwelling-houses, an office building, seven business blocks, 1300 city lots, about 16,000 acres of land, and various assortments of manufacturing and railroad shares. The boom is understood to have done Florence a great deal of good. It will not need another for a long time, perhaps not for another seventy years. Meanwhile it is described as a contented town with a salubrious site, a history, some prospects, and a highly interesting and emotional retrospect.

The system of pneumatic mail-tubes for which Mayor Strong broke ground on August 2 promises to bring about a notable quickening in the distribution of letters in Greater New York. Tubes are to connect the post-offices of New York and Brooklyn, and others, as planned at present, are to radiate from the New York Post-office to all parts of Manhattan Island. The lines that are first to be finished, and which may be done some time in October, will connect the Post-office with the Battery on one side, and with the Forty-second Street station on the other.

There is no considerable part of Manhattan Island to which the summer and fall will not bring considerable changes. The mail-tubes are an item of an unusually long list of improvements that are either in progress or impending. Before November Fifth Avenue will have been repaved, and possibly the demolition of the old reservoir will have begun; the great Astoria Hotel will be finished; the new Sherry's and the new Delmonico's will be far along toward completion; Dr. Depew's New York Central cheap cab system will be working; progress may possibly have been made in accelerating the street-car systems of the Fourth, Sixth, and Eighth avenues; space will have been cleared for two new small parks on the East Side, and on the West Side the improvement of St. John's Church-Yard Park will doubtless have gone forward. The upper part of the island produces its surprises every season, and is not idle this summer; and as for the new paving that is going on, and the schools, prisons, cathedrals, college buildings, model tenements, and recreation piers that are a-building, there is no end to it. The average human being delights in change, and part of the fun of living in or visiting a big and fast-growing city is to keep the run of its changes, especially of all those which profess to be improvements.

Happily the changes now in progress here involve the demolition of very little that will be missed, and nearly all of them will be welcomed, even by old and conservative residents.

There is an understanding that the intense period of the Newport season begins on the 1st of August. It began this year with a bang and a great show. The first week in August is always lively in Newport, but last week was exuberant and frolicsome beyond all record or precedent. It was the week of the New York Yacht Club's cruise, and of the races for the Goelet cups, but those are annual occurrences. What made it memorable and extraordinary was the naval fête. The Newporters have talked for some years about having a naval fête. They are used to being visited by war-ships, native and foreign, and they are good entertainers whom naval heroes like to visit. This year they were advantageously equipped for securing exceptional naval attentions through the presence of a Newport man, Congressman Melville Bull, on the Naval Committee of the House. Through the efforts of Congressman Bull and the connivance of Senator Aldrich and Secretary Long, it came about that on August 1 five war-ships of Admiral Sicard's North Atlantic Squadron left their anchorage in New York Bay and proceeded to Newport. They were the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Maine*—two armored cruisers, two first-class battle-ships, one second-class battle-ship, with the Monitor *Puritan* to follow next day. This formidable fleet found the battle-ship *Iowa* already at Newport, and was joined there by the *Dolphin*, which brought Secretary Long from New London.

There was no day in all the week that was not lively at Newport, but the greatest day was Wednesday, the 4th. On that day town and harbor were gayly decorated. In the forenoon the men from the torpedo station, the naval training station, Fort Adams, and the various war-ships rowed various boat-races for prizes given by Mr. O. H. P. Belmont. In the afternoon there was a land parade, in which the crews of the war-ships, the garrison at Fort Adams, and the Newport Naval Reserves took part, and were reviewed by the Governor of Rhode Island, the Secretary of the Navy, Rear-Admiral Sicard, and other competent and distinguished persons.

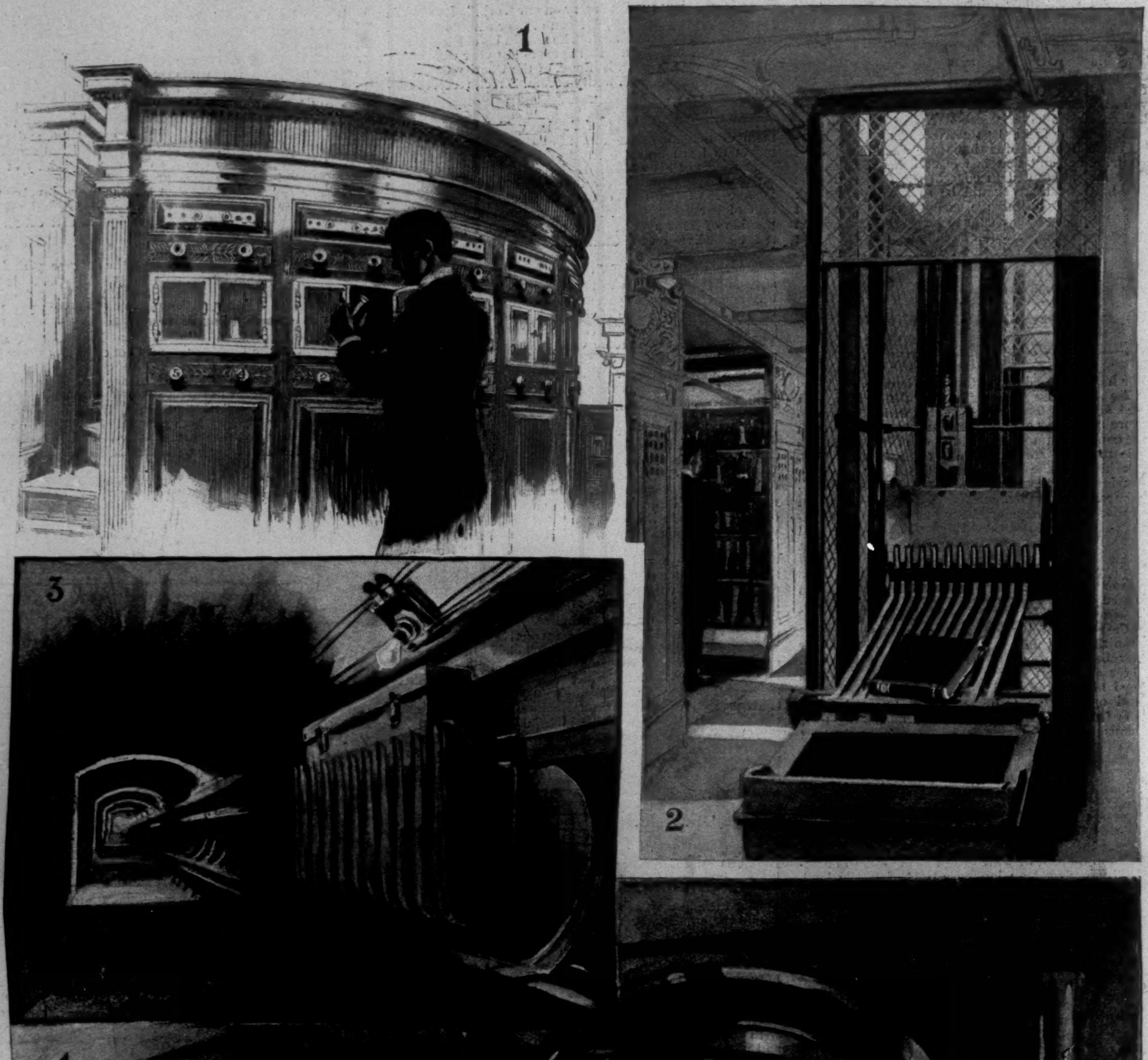
While the parade was in progress the yachts of the New York Yacht Club's squadron came into the harbor, a beautiful sight, which the dwellers by the Sound and beyond count upon as one of their annual gratifications.

Next day came the races for the Goelet cups, while all through the week there were balls, dinners, luncheons, and all that sort of public and private hospitality for the achievement of which Newport is so supremely well equipped, until the yachts sailed on to Vineyard Haven, and the war-ships got under way and steamed off in the direction of Portsmouth and the coast of Maine.

The many accidents that have overtaken mountain-climbers in the Alps have never had an effect permanently detrimental to mountain-climbing as a sport, and probably the serious accidents—in one case fatal—that have this year befallen the climbers of Mount Rainier will not discourage the Mazamas, though it may induce the exercise of greater precaution. The Mazamas, as readers of the WEEKLY will remember, constitute a society, made up chiefly of dwellers on the Pacific coast, whose special pleasure it is to scale and explore the great mountains of the Northwest. The society was organized in July, 1894, on the summit of Mount Hood, by 192 persons, who climbed 11,225 feet to attend its first meeting. The next year parties of Mazamas ascended Mounts Hood, Baker, Adams, Rainier, and Jefferson. Last year the club made an excursion to Crater Lake, in Oregon, and this year its attentions have been largely concentrated on Mount Rainier. On Tuesday, July 27, Professor Edgar McClure, an experienced mountaineer and a leader of the Mazamas, lost his life by a fall. The next evening two other climbers fell into a crevasse. One made his own way out; the other was rescued with difficulty. An idea of the quality of the sport that Mount Rainier affords this year is to be gathered from the information that the face of the mountain, for a mile down from its summit, is a continuous sheet of ice, in which steps have to be cut by climbers. The mountain is 14,450 feet high, and 10,000 feet of its elevation is covered with perpetual snow.

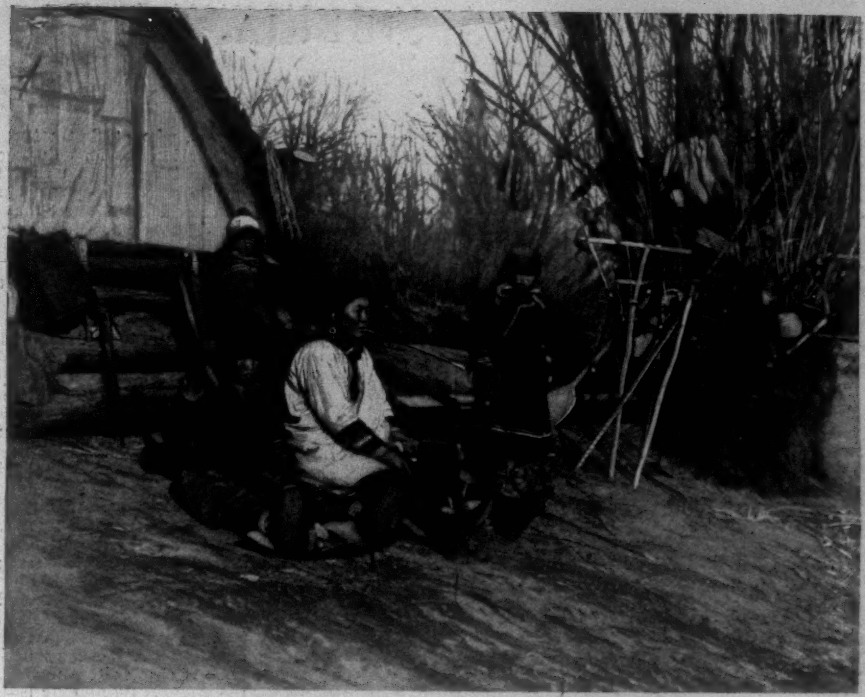
Complaint is made that Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, of New York, whose grandfather and father were Seneca Indians by adoption, and who has herself been elected a member of the tribe, uses her influence with the Indians on the Onondaga Reservation to incite them to hold to pagan rites and customs, thereby seriously interfering with the efforts of missionaries who wish to Christianize the Indians, and have established churches for that purpose. Mrs. Converse denies the charge, averring that she is herself a member of the Episcopal Church, and has not interfered with the conversion of the Indians. She admits, though, that she does not think the missionaries can do the Senecas much good, and believes that the Indians do well to stick to their ancestral religion, which, she says, is practically Christian, though it has its special observances, such as the three great annual dances which the Indians observe. There is no harm in these dances, Mrs. Converse thinks, and nothing repulsive about them. At one of them, it is true, a dog is sacrificed to the Great Spirit, but it is a white dog of a species specially bred for this use, and it is not cruelly killed, but merely strangled. As for conduct, Mrs. Converse declares that many of the Senecas are better Christians than some of the missionaries. She seems to think that as long as the Senecas last they would better continue to be Indians. There is doubtless a good deal to be said in support of that view, though the prospect that it will ever recommend itself to the missionaries is remote.

E. S. MARTIN.

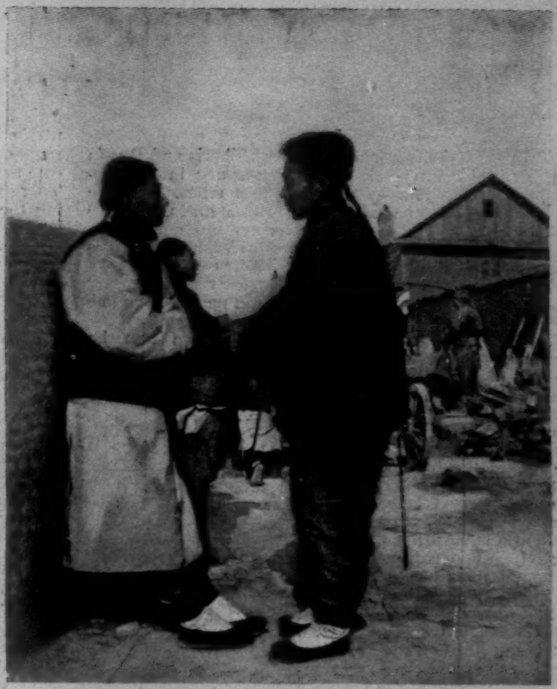


THE BOOK-DELIVERY SYSTEM AT THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

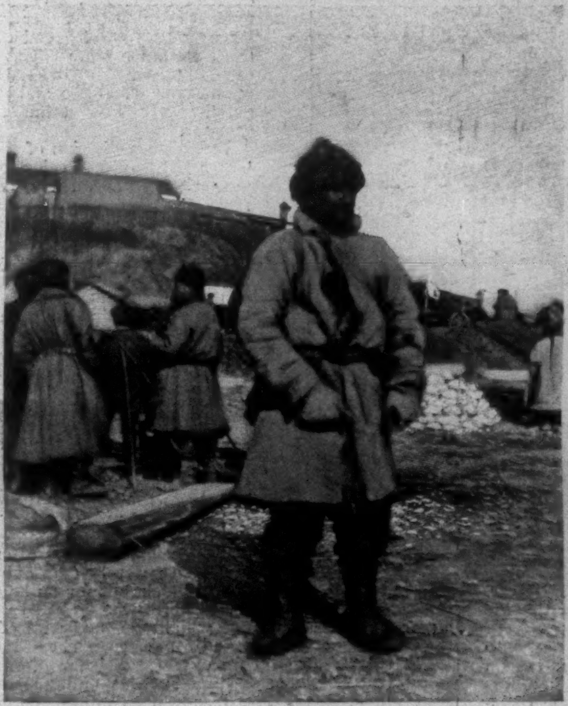
1. The Distributing Desk in the centre of the Rotunda; showing Telephones, Pneumatic and Speaking Tubes, communicating with the Book-Stacks and the Capitol. 2. Book-stack Elevator; with Rack for automatically removing the Books. 3. Under-ground Book-Trolley running from the Library to the Capitol. 4. Sending and Receiving Station to the under-ground Trolley.



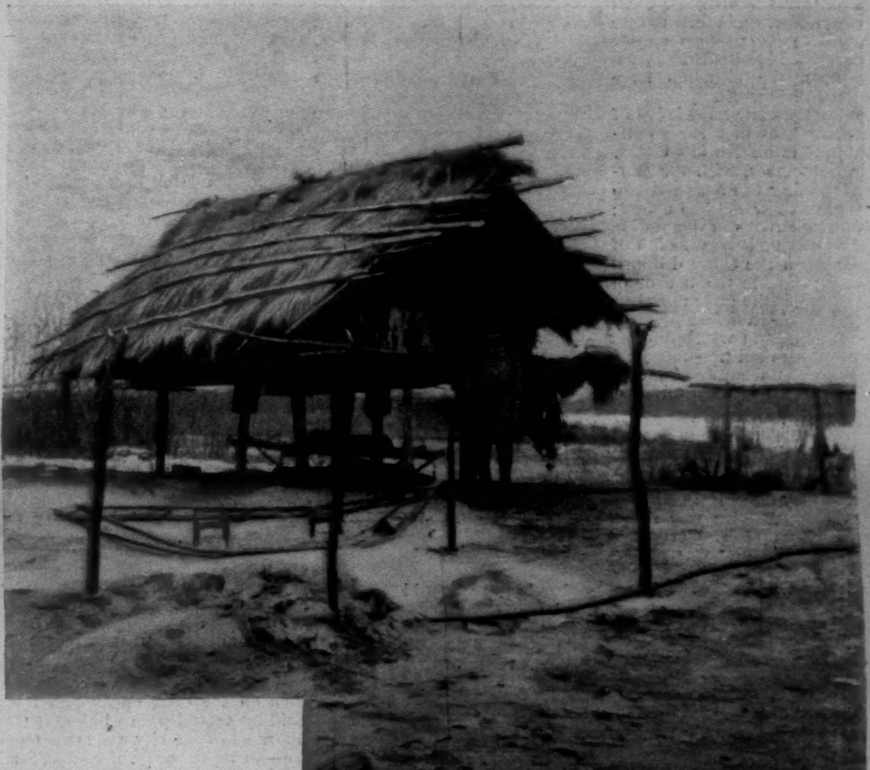
WIFE AND CHILDREN OF A GOLDES FISHERMAN.
Dressing Fish-skins, from which they make Clothing.



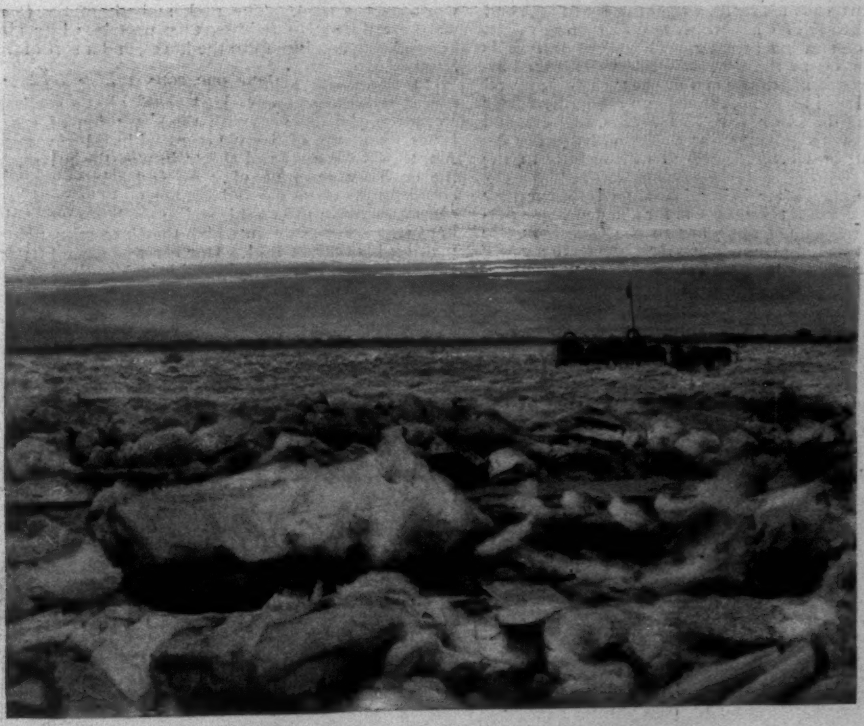
TRADESMEN OF MANCHURIA.



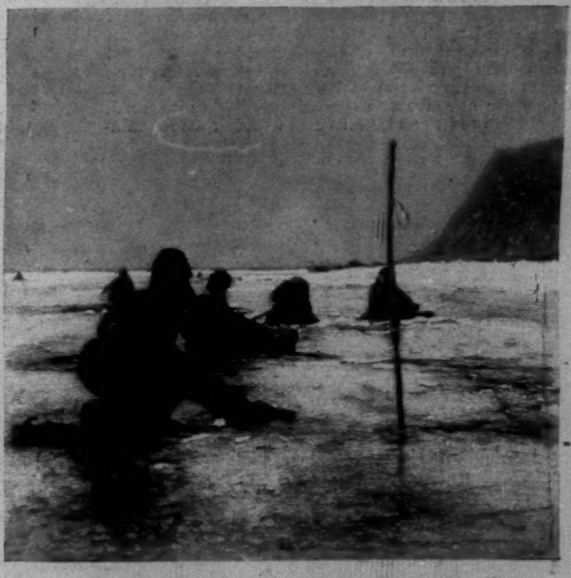
TYPICAL PEASANTS OF EASTERN SIBERIA.



STORE-HOUSE IN A VILLAGE OF THE GOLDES.
Raised on Poles to protect the Contents from the Sledge Dogs.



VIEW ON THE AMUR RIVER IN WINTER.
The River freezes and breaks up several times before finally closing, leaving the Surface very rough.



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE IN THE RIVER AT KHABAROVKA.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—FROM VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABAROVKA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA.

VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABAROVKA.

I.

To make the overland trip across Siberia and Russia from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg in 1895 required a journey of some 6400 miles. A little more than one-half of this, or 3300 miles, could be made by rail, 1325 miles by the river systems, and the remaining distance, 1775 miles, by various vehicles. If it is desired to make the trip with the least possible delay, a choice must be made between the winter and summer seasons, carefully avoiding the transition period when one is merging into the other—and for this reason:

The Amur River and its tributary the Shilka form the only available route through the larger part of eastern Siberia. The Amur is navigable for nearly 2000 miles from its mouth, and from June until October forms the great summer route, while from December until April its frozen surface makes the highway for the winter's sledge travel. In the intervening periods between these seasons all through travel is practically at a standstill, as there are no good roads except such as the ice-bound river affords. In the fall, from the time the boats stop running until the ice has formed thick enough to travel upon with safety, and in the spring, when the warmth of approaching summer first weakens the surface until the freshets have cleared the stream throughout its whole length of the vast accumulation of ice, all travel is suspended, and any one unfortunate enough to be caught *en route* between these periods must bide his time in patience until the elements have completed their work.

It was with some knowledge of these conditions that the Transportation Commission left China, late in September, with the purpose of making the overland trip before summer travel had closed; but from detentions by quarantine and other causes it was the 5th of October when the *Gazee* dropped its anchor outside the harbor of Vladivostok, in the early morning, to await the dawn before proceeding to the point at which another inspection awaited us—notoriously rigid and uncompromising on account of the large number of troops here in garrison.

Apprehensions of an intolerable delay on the very threshold of our journey faced us in a possible further detention of two weeks that would follow if the slightest trace of infection was found aboard our ship. The last boat going up the Amur was advertised to leave Khabarovka—where we would connect with it—about October 1, and it would require four or five days at least to reach that point. The case really seemed a hopeless one, until we learned that the time schedules were given in Russian or Old Style dates, and that we had twelve days to our credit, putting us back to September 23.

A GOLDES WOMAN LAYING IN A WINTER'S SUPPLY OF FIREWOOD.

When it was fairly daylight we proceeded slowly on our course into a large roadstead or bay, and then by a sharp turn to the right into the "Golden Horn," or inner harbor of Vladivostok. Rugged treeless hills ending in abrupt cliffs faced us on the seaward side, and farther in rounded more gracefully to the water's edge. Outside, these were crowned with light-houses; beyond that, with the straight and angular lines which indicated partially concealed earth-works; and finally, as we neared our destination, magazine, barrack, and hospital buildings, grouped along either shore, gradually merged into the city itself. While yet some two miles short of our landing a guard-ship arrested our progress, and we came to anchor again. A small steam-launch came alongside, in which were seated two young officers with blond mustachios and pointed beards, in plain dark uniforms and white caps. As they ascended the gangway they looked straight up at the mast-head past the captain, who saluted as they approached, and then followed them into his cabin. After fifteen minutes' conference they departed, and as the captain followed them down the gangway he held up three fingers, to indicate that we should be in limbo for that number of days. There were several other ships at anchor near by, all flying the yellow flag at their foremasts, and the military hospitals on shore were also displaying the same warning signal that the dread scourge of cholera was not yet stamped out, despite the lateness of the season. We had a clean bill of health for our ship, but the three days of quarantine were imposed for having touched at other infected ports, and as a cautionary measure against the possible appearance of any infection in the mean time.

While so near that we could see the people walking in the streets of the city, we were yet as much isolated as if a thousand miles away. We were permitted, however, to communicate with the shore by letter, and so anticipate some of our preparations; but it did seem an excess of caution when, on giving a letter for the Governor into the charge of one of the officers of the little steam-launch that visited us twice a day to change the guards, it was first thrown on the deck and sprayed with some disinfecting fluid by a hand-pump before it was handled.

Our panorama of the city was made from the ship while in durance—surreptitiously, of course, for if either one of the two stalwart Cossacks who were on guard night and day had been aware of what we were doing there might have been a confiscation at least. The point of view is about two miles below the city, and embraces all the harbor except the extreme upper end of the "Horn" around to the right. It is in this part that there are gathered for the summer the dozen or more battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats that supplement as a means of defence the formidable batteries crowning each of the hills in the background.

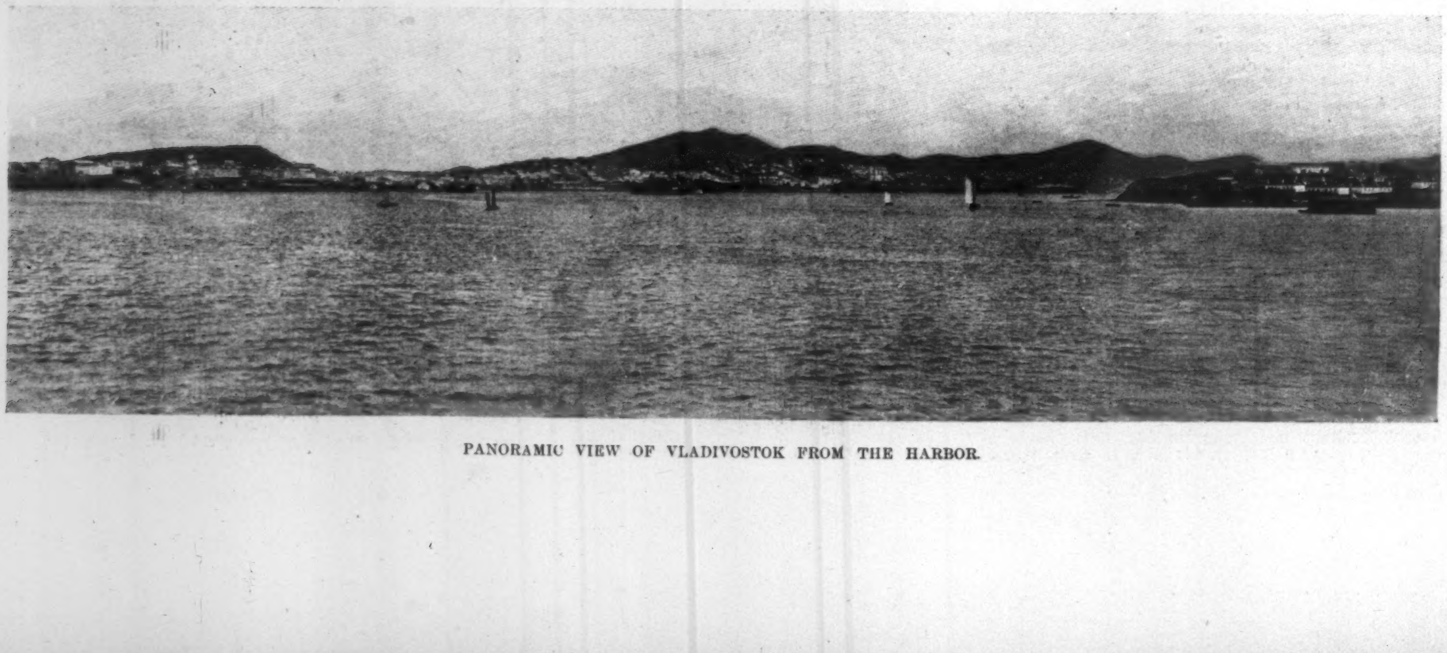
Once ashore, and after being introduced to our new surroundings, the first thought was for the necessary permit to photograph. On applying to the Governor, "le Général-Major Paul de Ounterberguère," he gave a ready assent, but the matter must be referred to General Strygoff, commandant of the port, who at first returned a peremptory refusal. Further intercessions during the day resulted in a concession which allowed us to photograph all we pleased about the railroad grounds, but under the supervision of an officer detailed to see that none of the jealously guarded batteries on the surrounding hills came within the scope of our lenses. This was the only place in all Siberia where photography was prohibited; everywhere else the utmost freedom in this respect was allowed.

In every direction we had evidence of the thoroughness with which the building of the trans-Siberian railway is being carried on. At every step the work is finished as if for all time, and the substantial station is simply in keeping with all the work as far as completed. The extension of this line across Siberia has many features in common with that of our own transcontinental railway during the sixties; but although the Russians have a much more difficult contract on their hands, and with every incentive to push the work with the greatest possible rapidity, there are no makeshifts in the way of unballasted roadways, ephemeral station buildings, or wooden bridges, such as characterized the construction of most of our Western roads. Here the track is thoroughly ballasted, the substantial station buildings are finished to the last detail, and steel bridges or stone culverts are over all the crossings before the road is open to passenger traffic. Even at the extreme end of the track workmen were engaged in sodding the carefully dressed sides of all the cuts and fills, and laying out flower-beds about the station grounds.

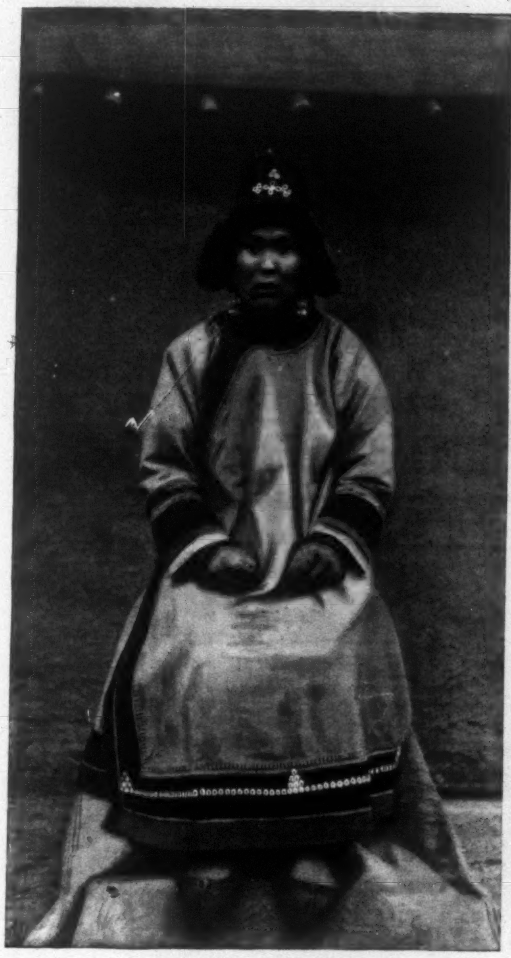
The eastern division of the Siberian Railway at the close of the year 1895 extended northwards from Vladivostok some 250 miles to the Iman, a small tributary of the Ussuri, whence steamboats connected with the railway for the Amur country. The policy of the government seems to have been from the first to push forward the completion of the road at the earliest possible moment to the navigable waters of the Amur. This has already been attained at the eastern end, and now, as soon as the western extension is carried on a thousand or twelve hundred miles further to Stretensk, there will be a continuous steam route across the whole continent, but available only during the summer.

The second morning after our arrival we were off on our long trip. The train left at nine o'clock, but for an hour before that time the station platform was crowded with a busy throng, nearly all of which was made up of uniformed officers, soldiers, and workmen. The Governor and his staff, with a company of Cossacks, were on their way to Nikolsk, about one hundred versts up the line, and many other officers, naval as well as military, were on hand to see them off. In strong contrast were Russian peasants, in long, unkempt hair and cumbrous clothing, Japanese, Koreans, and Manchurians, all on their way to work on the road. The rank and file of the Cossacks were sturdy, active fellows, very neat in white blouses, heavy boots coming up to the knees, and a sort of Tam o' Shanter cap.

Our train was a long one, consisting of some sixteen cars, largely second and third class for the soldiers and workmen, the balance, with the exception of our own, being made up of freight-cars with railway material. Attached to the rear of the train was the private car of the engineer accompanying us, and a long second-class coach for the Governor and our party. There are no first-class cars yet in use on this end of the line, except the one kept as a show-piece, in which the Czarowitz rode when making his tour in 1891. Our car was some fifty feet in length, and ten feet six inches wide inside, divided into two



PANORAMIC VIEW OF VLADIVOSTOK FROM THE HARBOR.



A GOLDES WOMAN.
Wife of the Chief of the Village.

general compartments, with another smaller one something like the state-room of a Pullman. The passageway, or aisle, ran the whole length of the car along one side, and communicated with small vestibules in each end, opening out in doors at the side, without steps, to meet the high platforms provided at all stations. The seats ran transversely in pairs, back to back, and so arranged that the upholstered back of each seat swung up to make an upper berth for sleeping. The trimming was all in gray cloth with linen covers. A convenient toilet-room opened from the passage at one end of the car, while a hot-water heating apparatus occupied a similar apartment at the other end. Everything had an air of clean, roomy comfort, the only drawback being the very small windows and the ancient and inefficient oil-lights still in use on some European railways. The body of the car was built of iron, rather plain on the outside, but well painted and tastefully ornamented. The running-gear consisted of two iron-frame, four-wheel bogie trucks of the Russian standard—a five-foot gauge.

Our first day's run was to Spasskaya, 223 versts, making it in thirteen hours, an average of seventeen versts, or nearly twelve miles, an hour. Out to the first station, or to the "Brewery," it required two engines to pull the long and heavy train over a "divide" with a one-per-cent. grade. After this, one engine handled the train easily, as grades and curvatures are all very slight.

As we proceed inland from the coast, the country is principally a gently undulating plain, the thinly scattered groves of birch and aspen stripped bare of all leaves by the autumn winds, and the prospect reduced to a level monotony of russet tones. There were immense stretches of flat prairie extending over the broad bottom-lands of sluggish rivers. These were covered with a deep and heavy growth of grass; in fact, the whole country appeared to be most richly endowed for either pasturage or hay-making, which industry was about the only work going on. Harvesters were out everywhere, and with the rude appliances of hand labor were cutting and stacking an abundant supply of forage for the long winter to come.

The railroad avoids the proximity of all the larger towns, Nikolsk, the principal town in this section, being left five or six versts to one side and hardly discernible from the station, so that the general aspect is one of vast stretches of sparsely settled country, with no fences and little cultivation. Such habitations as were in evidence, outside of the station buildings, were in little clusters of dreary-looking log houses. About a hundred miles from Vladivostok we passed the scarcely perceptible divide separating the drainage of the Ussuri from the coast, and until night overtook us were skirting the marshlike valley bordering Lake Khanka. The country was so level that the intervening groves of small timber, slight in themselves, effectually concealed the lake from view.

Our "lay over" at Spasskaya was to enable us to complete our ride over the rest of the line by daylight, the regular train going on through so as to reach the end of the track the next morning. The following day brought the same monotony of broad meadows, enlivened occasionally by long bands of fire and smoke stretching across the drier uplands. About noon we crossed the Ussuri on a three-span steel bridge, and then followed the valley of this river to the banks of the Iman, where construction halts, awaiting the completion of the bridge. There will be but very little delay, however, as the immense quantity of material accumulating at the end of the line will be pushed forward on temporary tracks laid on the ice as soon as winter sets in. In this way the road-bed is finished far in advance of the slower and heavier bridge-work.

The Ussuri, for nearly its whole length, is the boundary between Siberia and Manchuria. It is a broad, shallow, muddy stream, and the channel through the shifting sands is so difficult to follow that we had to lie by most of the nights; as it was, we were continually getting aground, often taking hours to warp the boat off into deeper waters with the volunteer help of nearly all the lower-deck passengers. When to these detentions are added the stops to wood-up and the necessary landings, it is easy to understand why it took three days to go 250 miles down stream. Our landings were all on the Siberian side, and took place at the larger only of the series of towns or stations that line the whole extent of the Chinese frontier. These are the "stanitsas," or outposts, of Cossack emigrants, colonized here by imperial authority as a check on any invasion of its territory.

Approaching its junction with the Amur, the river broadened out to over a mile in width, but was still so shallow that we could have waded ashore from almost any place in mid-stream. This necessitated frequent running out of the rope to pull ourselves off the sand bars, for our old boat was aground a half-dozen times a day. At the confluence of the two streams the stretches of water reached out on the horizon to where it met the sky, suggesting some great inland sea rather than a river. The northern shore was so low it could not be seen; on the left a range of hills made a blue and shadowy outline in the extreme distance; while on the right, quite near at hand, were the abrupt bluffs above which rose the quintuple emerald-green spires of the cathedral and the widely scattered buildings of Khabarovka.

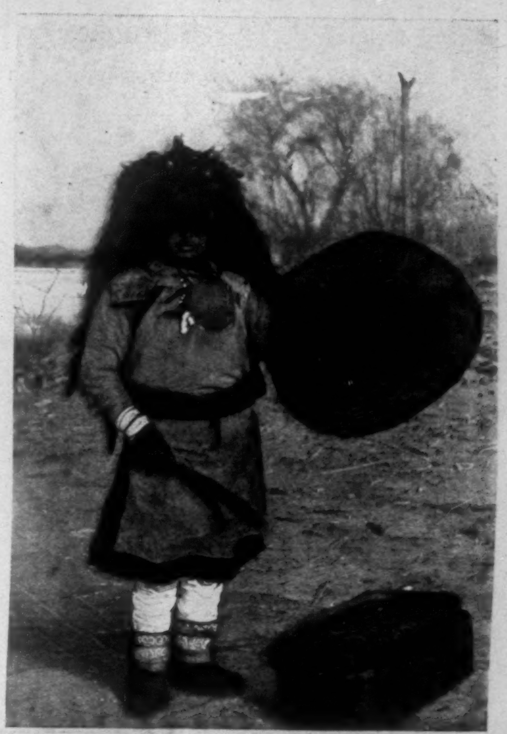
II.

After being domiciled in the residence of Governor-General Duhoffsky, who was absent in St. Petersburg, we were in a state of turmoil and suspense for more than a week, preparing and planning for the continuation of our journey up the river. The last regular boat had left two days before our arrival. A week later we learned that it was aground some four hundred miles up the river, and the rapidly falling waters had left it hopelessly stranded, to become ice-bound later on, and eventually to be destroyed in the breaking up of the ice in the spring. Its passengers, of course, got ashore and reached Blagovestchensk as best they could. For a few days our hopes were centred upon another boat that had come up from Nikolsk rather belated, and which we were assured would take us as far as Blagovestchensk. This failed us also, however, for after deliberating the question for several days, and in obedience, more particularly, to telegraphic advices from up the river of the rapidly falling water and formation of ice in the side streams, it was decided to abandon the trip and put the boat in safe winter quarters where she was.

Resigning ourselves with the best grace possible to the long time that must now elapse before we could resume our travels—which, by-the-way, extended from day to day until nine weeks had passed—the intervening time was pleasantly and profitably spent in visiting the adjacent railway-construction camps and the villages of the aborigines, and in responding to the hospitable attentions crowded upon us by the hearty, whole-souled representatives of the imperial government in Siberia.

Khabarovka is the seat of government for the Amur region. On the east is the Maritime Province, and on the north and west the Yakutsk and Trans-Baikal provinces. It is also the residence of the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, whose authority extends over all these provinces. It is almost wholly a garrison town, an extensive system of substantially built barracks providing permanently for some ten thousand troops, chiefly infantry and artillery—the Cossacks, as the mounted branch of the service, being scattered about the country, chiefly on the frontier, in small cantonments. The town is thinly scattered over three parallel ridges at right angles to and ending in abrupt cliffs at the river front. Under this bluff along the water's edge is the Chinese settlement—the original Manchurian village existing before the Russian occupation, and containing representatives of pretty nearly all the Mongolian and Tartar races.

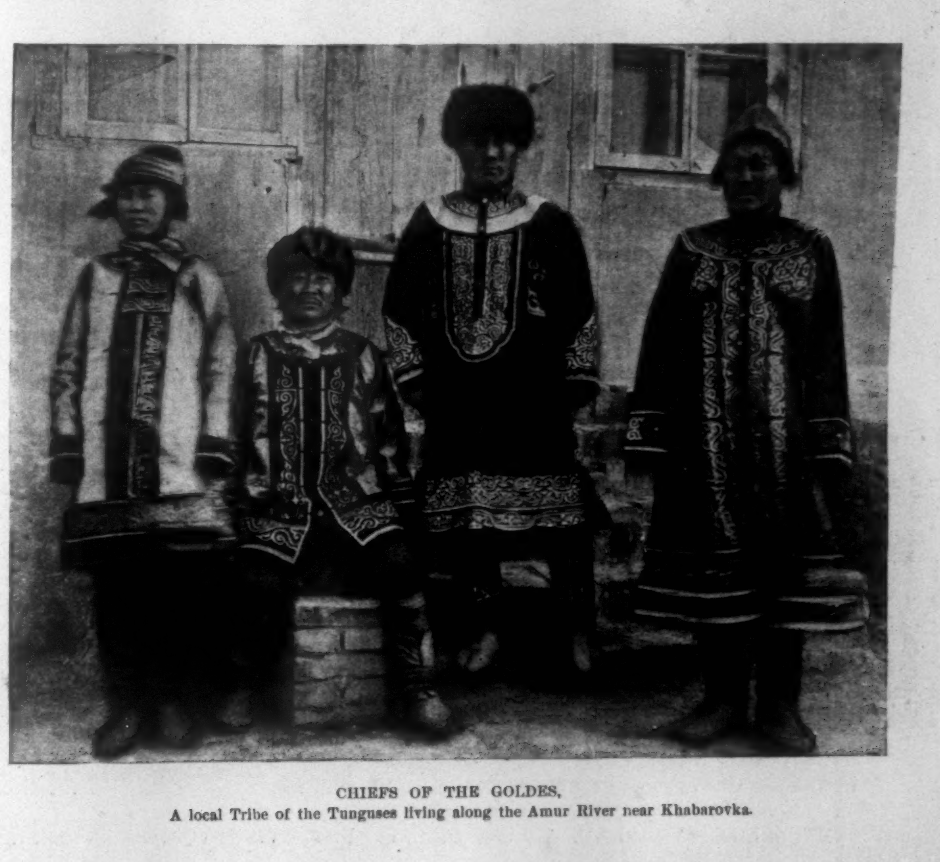
On the central ridge, starting from the river, are most of the executive buildings, the cathedral, the merchants' shops, and on the cross streets sloping down from the central ridge most of the residences of the officials, civil and military. The eastern ridge is occupied almost entirely by barracks for the infantry, while on the west are the artillery and arsenal buildings; it is also the older residence portion of the town. From our photographs it will be seen that the majority of the houses are of characteristically Russian type, built of hewn logs, nearly flat wood or tin roofs, and a large amount of wooden fret-work. The interiors are arranged more for comfort than for elegance. In the winter double window-sashes, sealed air-tight, and the immense Russian stove or oven built into the walls of every room, insure an equal degree of warmth throughout the houses in the coldest weather. For nearly every one except Russians they are kept entirely too warm.



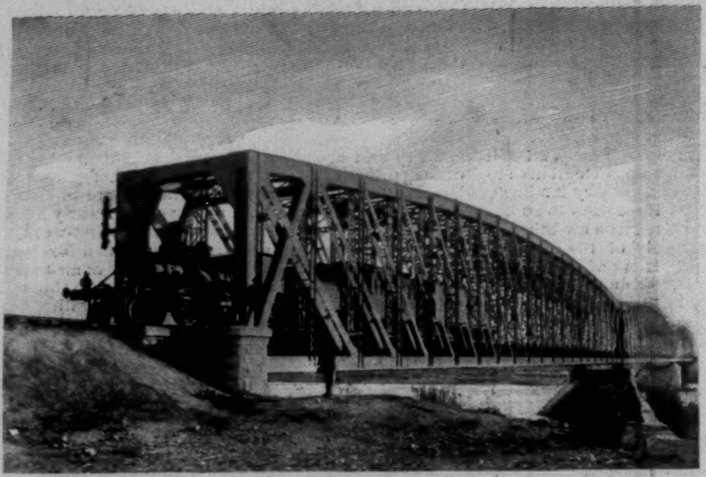
A SHAMAN PRIEST IN HIS REGALIA,
Prepared for a Dance with Songs and Mystic Incantations.

In the mercantile line there were four or five large establishments, doing an extensive local retail as well as a large outside jobbing trade. Among these were two well-known American houses with branches located in several other Siberian towns. In addition were two or three large Russian stores, and scattered about the town the usual assortment of chemists, bakers, shoemakers, watch-repairers, etc. In the larger establishments are found everything needed by their customers—dry-goods, groceries, hardware, jewelry—anything from a paper of pins to a horse and wagon.

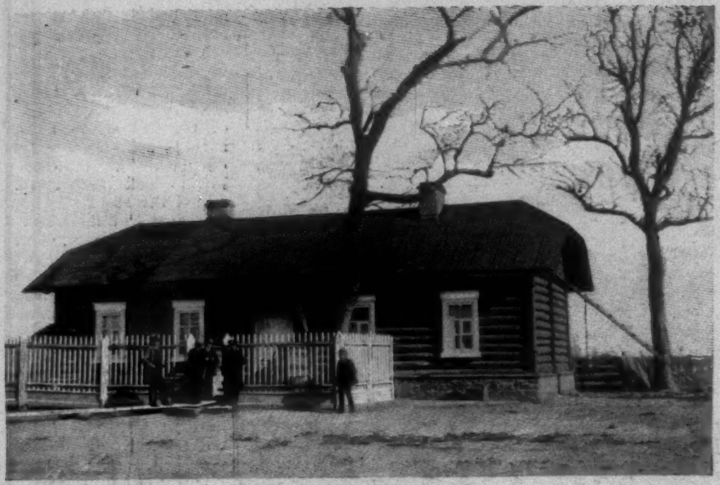
Down under the bluffs near the boat-landing is a busy street called the "market," where are congregated all the small traders—Mongolians, Koreans, and Japanese—deal-



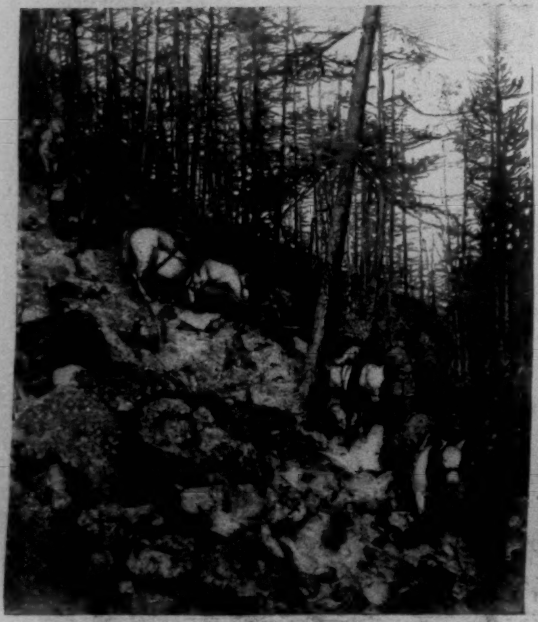
CHIEFS OF THE GOLDES,
A local Tribe of the Tunguses living along the Amur River near Khabarovka.



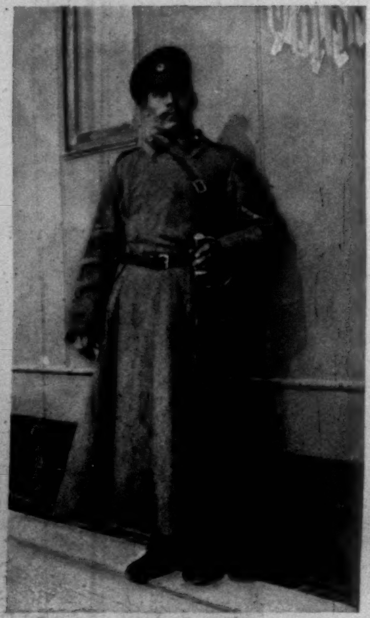
RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE USSURI.



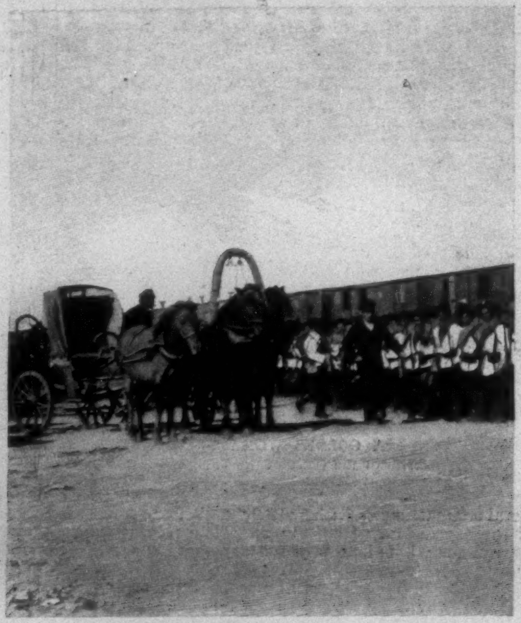
RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' HOUSES ON THE LINE OF THE EASTERN SIBERIAN RAILWAY.



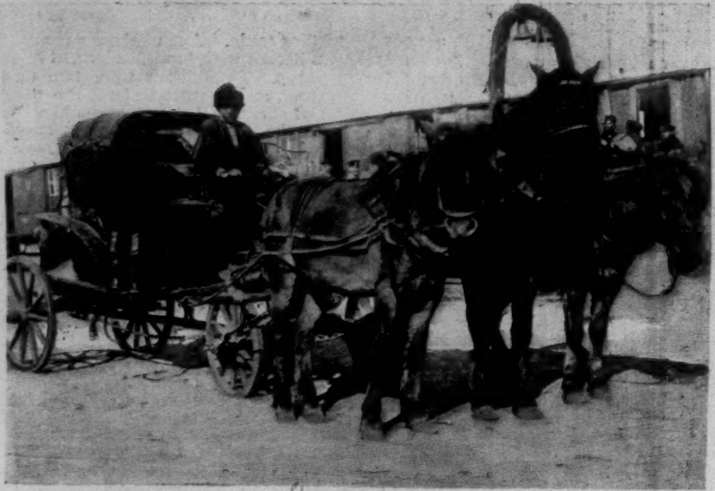
OVER A NEW TRAIL.



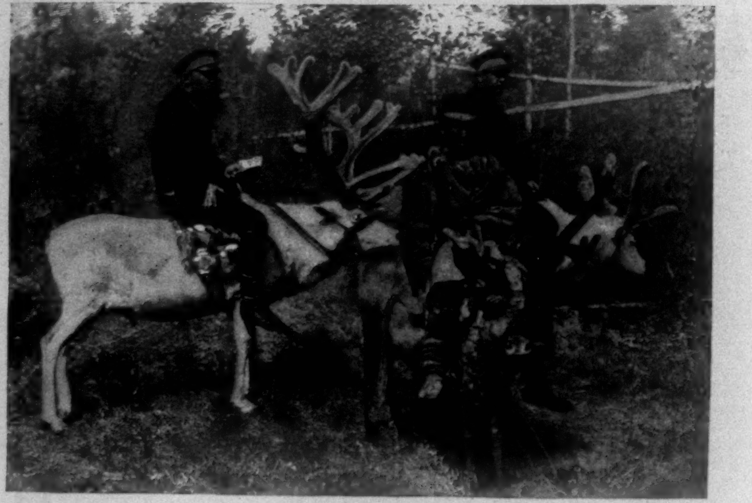
A GUARD OF THE EASTERN SIBERIAN RAILWAY.



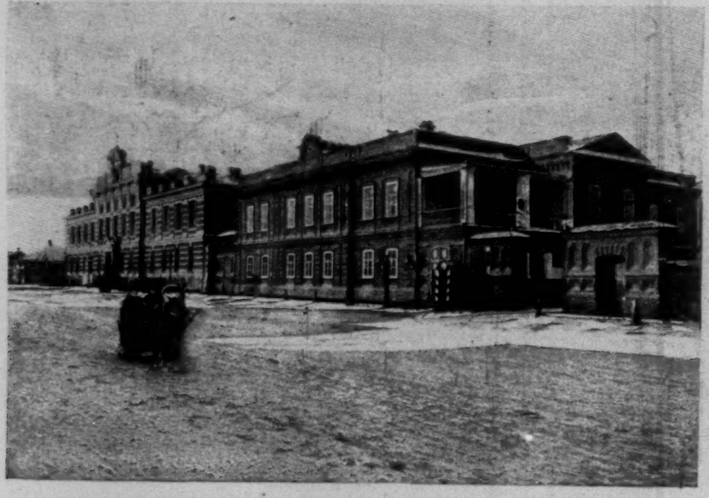
A COMPANY OF COSSACKS AT NIKOLSK.
Waiting to meet the Governor of Vladivostok.



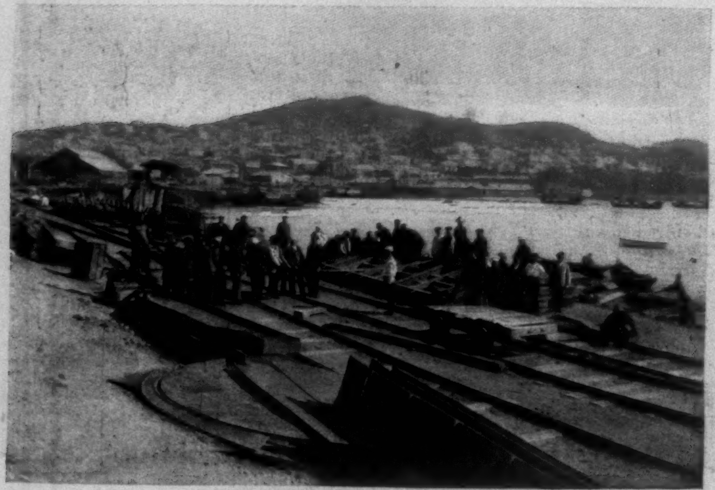
THE TARANTASS OF GOVERNOR DE OUNTERBERGUÈRE AT NIKOLSK.



RAILWAY ENGINEERS SURVEYING THROUGH A NEW COUNTRY.

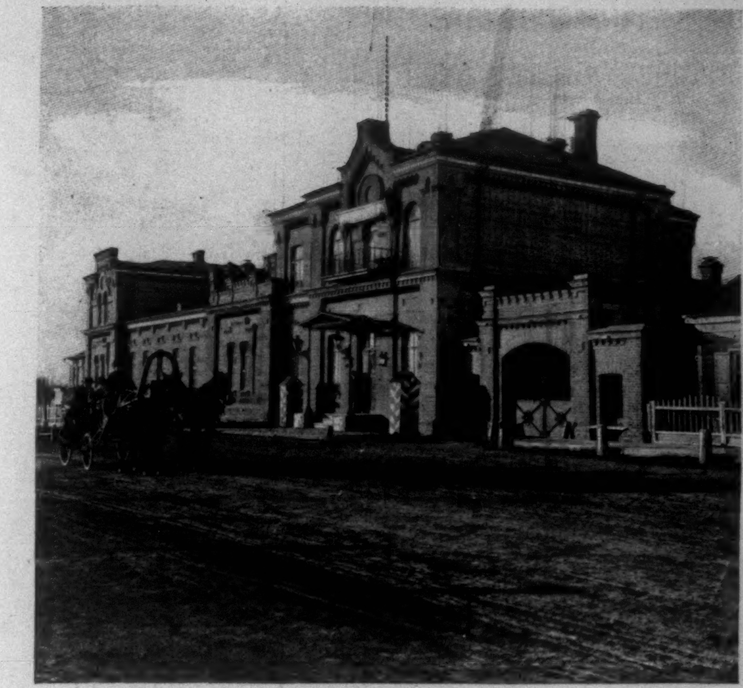


RESIDENCE AND OFFICES OF THE GOVERNOR AT KRASNOYARSK.
Gymnasium, or Public School, in the Distance.

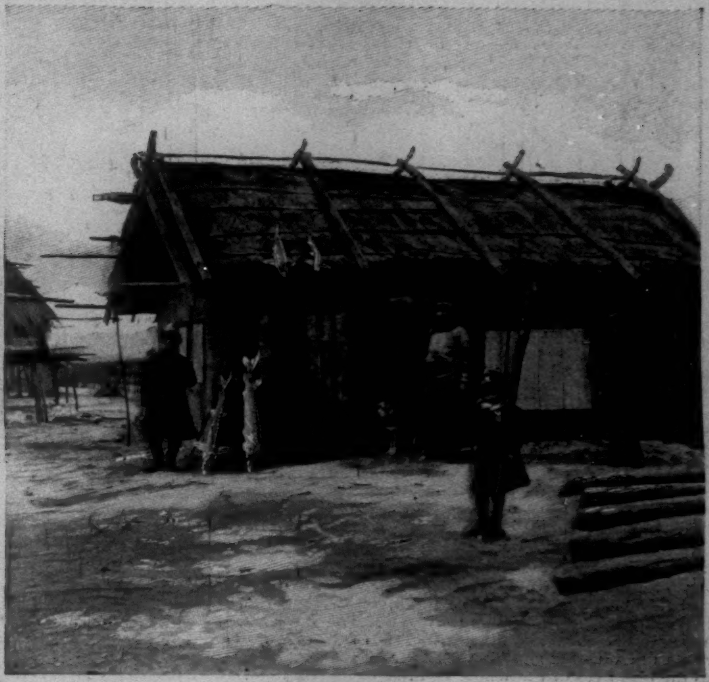


HANDLING CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL AT THE RAILWAY TERMINUS AT VLADIVOSTOK.

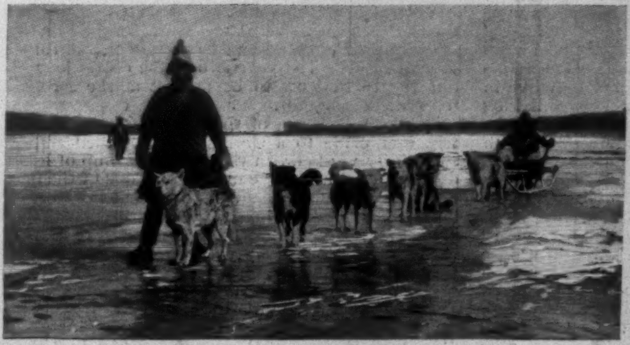
BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—FROM VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABAROVKA.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.



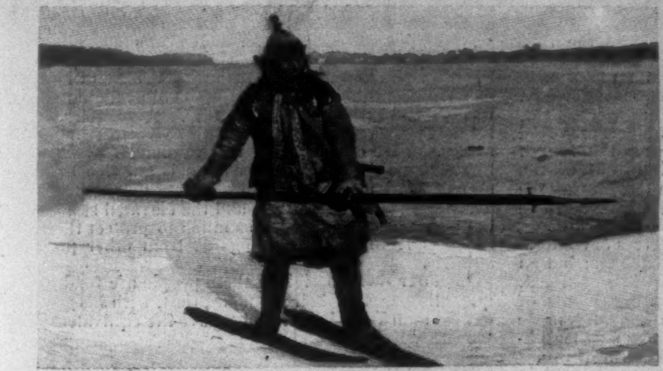
RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF EASTERN SIBERIA AT KHABAROVKA.



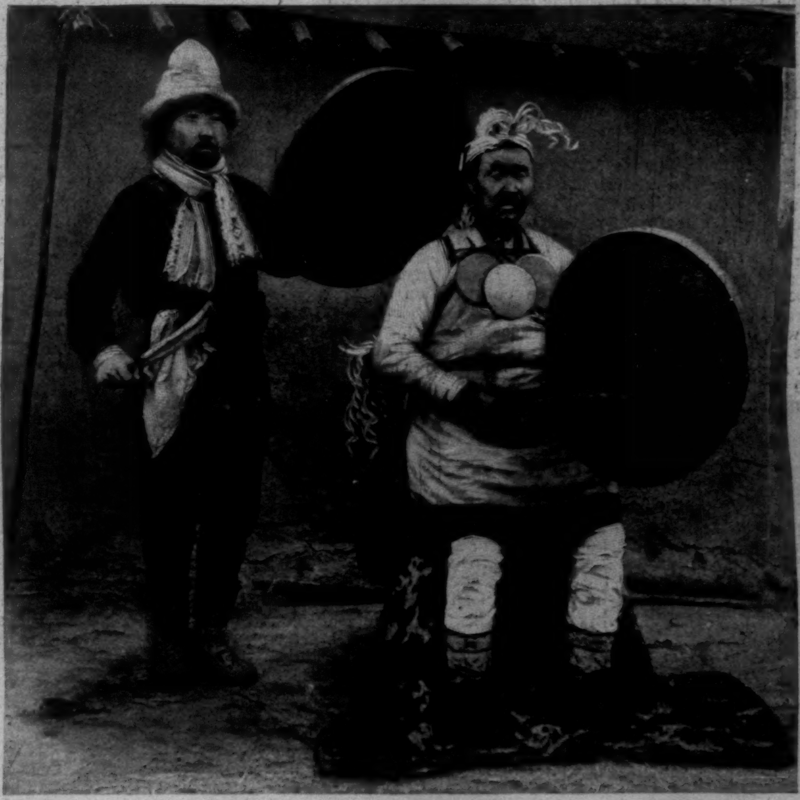
A HOUSE IN A GOLDES VILLAGE ON THE AMUR, FORTY VERSTS BELOW KHABAROVKA.



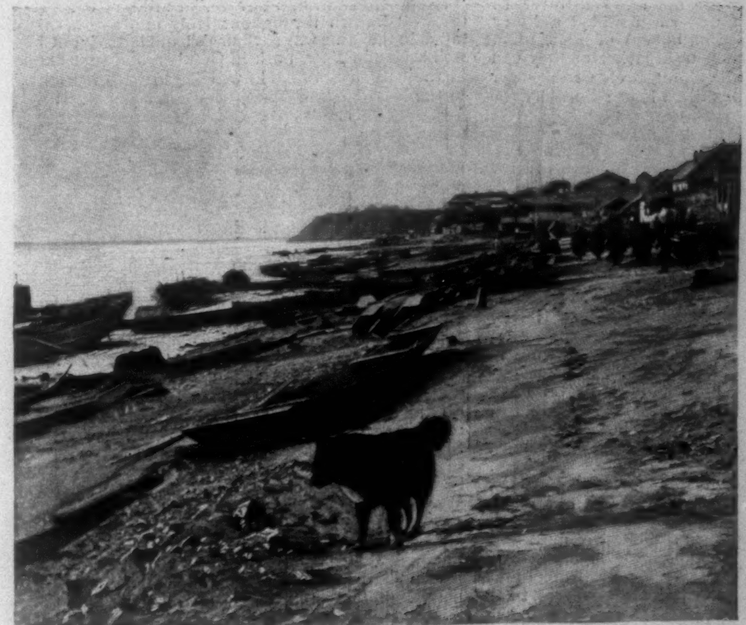
A GOLDES DOG TEAM.



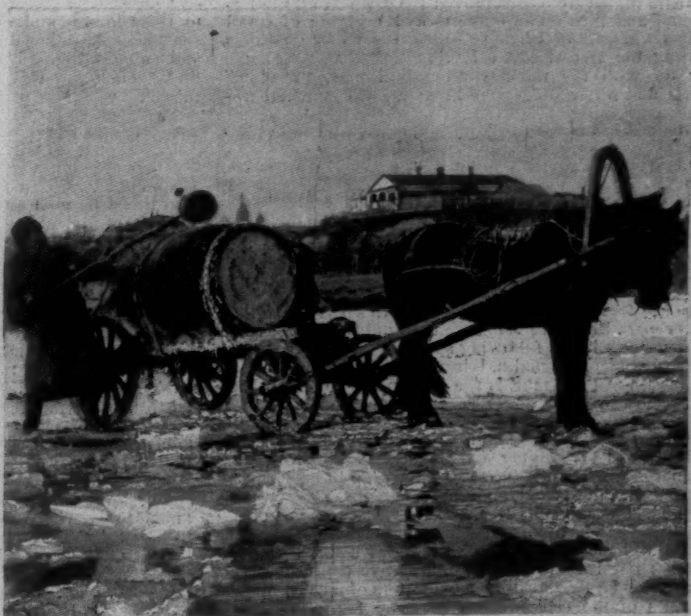
A GOLDES BEAR-HUNTER WITH LANCE.



SHAMAN PRIEST AND ASSISTANT IN DANCE AND RECITATION.

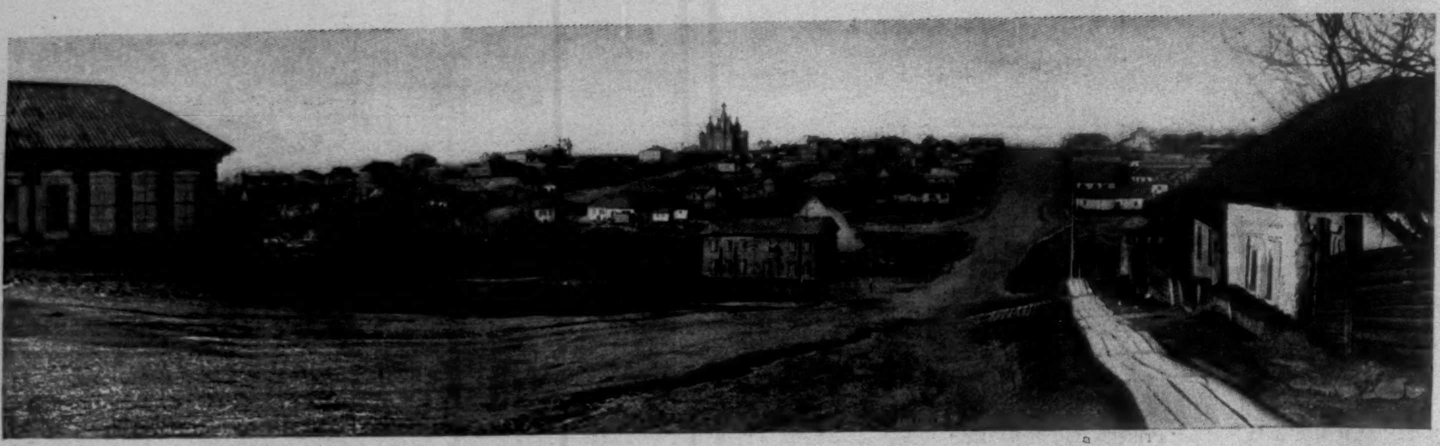


THE RIVER-FRONT AT KHABAROVKA.



WATER-CARTS AT KHABAROVKA.
The Town's entire Water-supply is obtained from the River.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—FROM VLADIVOSTOK TO KHABARÓVKA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF KHABAROVKA, LOOKING ACROSS TO THE PRINCIPAL PORTION OF THE TOWN.

ing chiefly in the limited line of goods required by the peasantry. Some of these native traders also do a large business in the products of the surrounding country. The Sungari, draining nearly all of Manchuria with navigable streams, has its outlet in the Amur just above Khabarovka, and its grain trade is almost entirely handled at this place. The concentration here of large bodies of convicts to work on the railway, and of still larger bodies of troops, taxes the resources of the whole country to sustain them.

It seemed to be generally understood that the extension of the railway westerly from Khabarovka was to be abandoned indefinitely. One serious problem was the bridging of the Amur at this point. The broad stream is thrown against the rocky base of the high bluffs on the Khabarovka side, and is confined to a comparatively narrow, deep channel, with a fairly stiff current. Still, it would require a bridge some 6000 feet in length, besides the approaches, and extraordinary strength in the piers to withstand the force of the enormous floods following the breaking up of the ice in the spring. The river freezes to a depth of six feet, and when this tremendous body of solid ice, moving in immense masses, is raised up and sweeps down with the current, its power is irresistible.

While the line from Vladivostok to Khabarovka will not form a part of the great transcontinental route, at least for a long time to come, yet its completion is to be pushed forward rapidly, to give the central Amur region direct and efficient communication with the only good harbor on the Siberian coast. To this end the construction is going ahead vigorously from both ends, and it is expected that it will be completed before the close of 1898. As has been explained before, this will then constitute the through line, using the navigation of the Amur as one of the links in the system until the shorter line through Manchuria is completed.

Under the guidance and instruction of the engineers in charge, several visits were made to places along the line of work, the centre of activity being some forty versts from Khabarovka. In the outskirts of the town a large force of convict laborers was engaged in levelling down and grading the uneven surface of the hills to the water's edge for terminal facilities, where the railway would connect directly with the steamboat traffic up and down the river. From here on to the front the work is pretty generally distributed along the whole distance. Following the locating engineers, who were far in advance, came a large number of men clearing the route through the forest, making an exceptionally wide path for a single-track road. This was to lessen the danger of the fierce fires which in the dry seasons sweep through these wild wastes, and for the protection of the telegraph lines, as well as of the road, from falling trees. This work goes on nearly all winter, when all grading and mason-work must of necessity come to a standstill. All the sound wood is cut up and carefully stacked, to be used as fuel in the future operations of the line, and the rest is burned on the ground.

Grading was still actively under way. Men with clumsy wheelbarrows were in the side work, and long trains of iron tram-cars pulled by horses moved the earth in all the larger cuts and fills. The culverts and bridging of small streams were all in brick or stone, the wider crossings awaiting the arrival of steel bridges, that were to come later on with the rails. Station buildings, "section" houses, and water-tanks were in course of construction—nearly everything except the laying of the track.

All the work is done by contract, carried on under the direction and supervision of the government engineers, and is divided among a number of civilian contractors. Tifontai, a prominent Chinese merchant of Khabarovka, said to be the richest man in the province, has all the station buildings and culvert-work over one of the divisions, employing Mongolian labor almost exclusively. Many Japanese are also employed in brick and stone work, and Koreans in less skilled work. The earth-work is done almost wholly by convict labor. In October, 1895, there were less than a thousand engaged on this part of the line, but preparations were being made to put fully three thousand at work in the following spring.

The island of Saghalin, lying off the Siberian coast at the mouth of the Amur, is the chief penal colony of Russia in Siberia. The direct transport service by sea from Odessa makes it far more convenient for the deportation of criminals than the long and tedious overland route, and it is now receiving a large proportion of this class of compulsory immigration. Colonel Tashkin, formerly Governor of the island, and now in charge of all the convicts engaged in railway work, afforded us opportunities for visiting the camps with him when making his weekly rounds of inspection. From him we learned that the contractors pay the government ninety-five copecs per day (a copec is equivalent to three-quarters of a cent) for the services of the convicts, but they are fed, clothed, and cared for by their official guardians. Ten per cent. of his pay goes to the convict, and he is also allowed extra compensation for over-time. Many of them are said to clear as much as eight rubles a month (equal to six dollars), which, with all their necessary wants provided for, is quite a handsome sum, and enables the thrifty ones to lay by a considerable amount against the day of their release. They are, of course, under military surveillance all the time, a picket guard being maintained about the field of their labors, and are escorted to and from their work. There are many "trusties," however, for we saw small gangs on detached portions of the work without guard. As laboring convicts they were well clothed and fed. We could see but little difference in the provision made for their comfort from that of the soldiers guarding them. A soup or stew of vegetables, and fresh meat, black bread, and tea, were the staples, and were provided in abundance. In one of the largest camps soldiers and convicts were served alike from the same mess-house.

Their winter clothing of sheepskin, with the wool worn inside, felt boots, fur caps, and big mittens, were ample for the coldest days of winter. In summer they live in large canvas tents, but for winter quarters substantial log houses were just in process of completion, each one accommodating forty men. Built half underground, with the roof covered deep with earth, the only ventilation being through the chimneys and a door at one end, they were too close and warm to please any one but a Russian peasant. Along each side raised platforms seven or eight feet wide, sloping slightly to the centre, extended the full length of the house, forming, in connection with a little sheet-iron stove, the only furniture. The men sleep on these benches in a long closely packed row, in their usual out-door dress, with sometimes a sheepskin for a mattress.

The severest punishment for refractory conduct is the dungeon, or dark chamber. In the guard-house of each little group of these winter quarters two small closets are provided for the punishment of exceptionally obstinate or vicious cases by close confinement. For lesser infractions of camp discipline and like offences a deduction of pay, or light irons worn within the limits of the camp, was the extent of penalties inflicted.

With the opportunities for escape on all sides, the nearness to a border country, the forest growth surrounding all the work, and extending indefinitely to other provinces, the number of convicts who "run" is comparatively few. This is accounted for by the fact that they are well treated, and that out-door occupation like this is much preferred to the confinement and purposeless life on the island. Then, also, the chances of getting entirely out of the country are exceedingly remote, and the dangers of the forest, wild animals, starvation, and cold are more to be feared than arrest by the patrols.

For good behavior there are various degrees of commutation, up to one-half of the time of their sentence; but an escaping convict, if recaptured, has his time doubled. Colonel Tashkin's coachman, a fine-looking fellow of about thirty, sent out originally for eleven years, has made five attempts to escape, and his penalties have now lengthened out his time to more than his natural term of life.

Besides the convicts, another large class employed in construction are the "colonists." These are convicts whose terms of imprisonment have expired, but who are still practically exiles, as they are not allowed to return to their homes, and are held under a modified military surveillance. They live apart, in houses of their own, and support themselves by such occupation as they can find. Their pay was said to be about twelve rubles per month, the average price for unskilled labor; but why the contractors should pay the government more than double this price for convict labor was not explained.

In the houses of military and civil officers at Khabarovka, convicts are almost entirely employed for domestic duties. Cooks, waiters, coachmen—nearly all menial service is performed by men and women drawn from the prisons. Murderers are said to be preferred for domestic service, as being morally far more reliable than other classes of criminals. Details from the ranks are also employed in the houses of the higher military officials.

In the social life of this remote outpost of civilization there are comparatively few households presided over by the refining influence of a wife or brightened by the presence of children; and when they are, these homes are in marked contrast to the much larger number of "bachelors' halls." The difficulties in reaching this far-away post, the uncertainties of the tenure of office, or rather of location, deter many families from leaving comfortable homes in Russia; so that these genial men, for the most part, are living a jolly sort of club life among themselves. Dining or supping in rotation in their respective circles, they keep up a spirit of cordial good-fellowship that does much to alleviate the burdens of their exile from the gayeties of Petersburg and Moscow. They are most hospitable and generous hosts, and the stranger within their gates, especially if he be an American, is made to feel that he is a brother. Effusive in an extreme degree in their expressions of regard, it is sometimes embarrassing to the less demonstrative man of Anglo-Saxon blood to be embraced by a big-bearded Muscovite, and saluted on each cheek and then on the lips.

The few aborigines with whom we came in contact are related to the Tunguses, who are distributed over the central part of northern Siberia. The "Goldes" are a local tribe of the Tunguses, living along the lower Amur. They exist almost entirely by fishing; but there are also good hunters among them, who make frequent incursions in the winter, on snow-shoes, into the neighboring hills for bear, deer, and other large game, depending almost wholly upon stout spears in attacking the most formidable denizen of the forest. They are expert in dressing skins, and, besides the heavier pelts, make a light and very serviceable garment from the skin of the salmon. They also display much taste and skill in a sort of applied embroidery, using bright-colored silks in covering their garments and ornaments with a mass of intricate tracery in conventional designs. Some of the head families of the tribe are well-to-do, dressing in silks, woollens, and furs instead of skins. Only last year two of the chiefs journeyed all the way to Moscow to be present at the coronation of the present Emperor.

Taking advantage of the first freezing of the river, a trip was made to a Goldes village, called Supcheekee, some forty versts down the Amur, a group of less than a dozen houses on a ridge overlooking one of the many side channels of the river, and just high enough to escape the spring floods. The houses were built first in a framework of wood, and then filled in and plastered with mud and thatched with straw. In their general arrangement, inside and out, they resemble very closely similar structures in Manchuria, Korea, and northern China. The interiors are usually in two divisions; in one is the stove, or combined heating and cooking arrangement (the "khang" of Manchuria), the smoke and heat being carried under and around a raised platform in the adjoining apartment, which is the sleeping, living, and general reception room of the family. A small square space of earthen floor is reserved in the centre, in which a brazier of coals is placed when evening comes on, for the benefit of the smokers as well as for additional warmth. The photographs will show better than words the leading features of this Goldes village. Many dogs are employed by them for winter travelling, making journeys of hundreds of miles from their hunting-grounds to available markets to dispose of their skins and furs. A good leader in a team of six or eight dogs is said to be worth two hundred rubles. Very clannish and quarrelsome, it was amusing to notice how jealously these animals guarded their own special precincts from the intrusion of neighboring dogs. They are also great thieves, and the elevated store-houses in every village are needed as much to protect the family supplies from their own dogs as from other predatory animals.

Like our own aborigines, these people are fond of masquerading, and in their Shaman priest, with his grotesque dances and weird incantations, have the equivalent of our "medicine-man."

MUSIC NOTES.

THE announcement is current that the "Red Band," the "Banda Rossa di San Severo," a military concert-orchestra well known throughout Italy and southern Europe, much in the same way as Sousa's band is distinguished here, will arrive in New York in October, and tour extensively in the United States. It will begin with fifteen concerts in the Metropolitan Opera-House in October. Its number of players is about sixty, and its repertory is large in those arrangements of high-class and classical music that demand fine technical skill in the case of a wind-band. Numerous soloists will accompany it, including a notable child-violinist, Clara Stubenrauch, whose fiddling is considerably more artistic than her name. The present leader of the Banda Rossa is Eugenio Sorrentino.

Wagner and Offenbach are not often brought together in anecdote, though the man of Baireuth and the genius of opera-bouffe were no strangers to each other during Wagner's anxious Paris days. If an anecdote be not strictly true that is passing along the chain of English journals, it sounds as a probable story, and it is funny. It states that after the printing of the score of his *Rienzi*, Wagner sent a copy of the libretto to Offenbach and asked his candid opinion of it, verse and music. Offenbach had read some of Wagner's previous poems, and had made fun of them—a circumstance known to Wagner. After some three weeks the score of *Rienzi* was returned to its composer, with a slip on which was written, "Dear Wagner, your music is rubbish; stick to poetry." Wagner was much offended. By-and-by he published his offensive pamphlet on "Jewry in Music" (Das Judenthum in Musik), with its bitter references. Mindful of Offenbach's Jewish birth, he sent Offenbach a copy. Offenbach sent back this enclosure also; and when Wagner opened it, lo! another scrap of paper, on which was scribbled, "Dear Wagner, your pamphlet is rubbish; stick to music." Like Rossini, Offenbach's wit seldom failed to meet any emergency, and a book of his witticisms would be pretty reading.

E. I. S.

“THE VINTAGE.”[*]

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF “DODO,” “LIMITATIONS,” “THE JUDGMENT BOOKS,” ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER PRIKETES led the way to the chapel, and pushed open the great brazen door for Germanos to enter. He knelt in turn before the great altar, the altar to the heavenly Physician, and before the black relief of the Virgin, which is supposed to have been made by the hands of St. Luke himself, and said for himself and Nicholas a thanksgiving for the aid of the saints who had brought them safely to the end of their journey. They then supped with Father Priketes and went back to the chapel. The place was in absolute darkness; and after locking the door behind them, since at present only a certain number of the monks knew about the crypt and what was in it, Father Priketes lighted a lantern, and they went up to the east end. He drew from underneath the altar a small crowbar, and creeping under himself with his lantern, pried away a large paving-stone, which made a hole large enough for a man to creep through. Rough wooden steps had been erected from the floor of the crypt up to the level of this, and one by one they descended. The crypt was some forty feet long by twenty broad, and by the light of the lantern they could see that all round the walls were ranged rows of guns and swords. Since Germanos's last visit they had largely added to the number of arms, and on a hasty glance Nicholas reckoned that there could not be less than fifteen hundred guns.

His eyes glistened as he moved the lantern round the walls, and he turned to Father Priketes.

“This will make a hole in the Turks bigger than the hole in your roof,” he said. “You have enough, I think. They will be hungry, these bamboo sticks. Grind their food for them, and do not let them feel stint of that.”

“Already?” asked Father Priketes.

“Already. It is August now. Before the vineyards are green with the fresh leaves in the spring the juice shall be spilt. And there will be a great harvesting; the winepress will be running red and full to overflowing. Where can you stow the food for all these hungry throats?”

“There is room here, is there not?”

“Surely—room to spare; but it would not be well to keep it here. Whoever enters here must carry a light; a chance spark, and he may cry to the Virgin in vain.”

Father Priketes paused a moment.

“You shall take a walk with me to-morrow, and we will see. You are satisfied at present?”

“I shall never be satisfied,” said Nicholas. “I should not be satisfied if I saw all the armaments of angels stand against the Turks. But it is time to think of other things. Could you raise men at once?”

“Five hundred in one minute from within these walls,” said Father Priketes, “and two thousand more in the time it would take an eager man to run up here from Kalavryta.”

Nicholas looked round again.

“This feeds my soul,” he said. “And swords, too—little sickles for the harvesting. Look you! Perhaps we shall not meet again till after our vintage has begun; but remember this: After four months from now we cannot tell when the day of the beginning of harvest will come, and so be ready. Whatever the Archbishop orders, do it, for he and I work together. And, oh, father, let no man take thought for himself on that day. What does it matter to whom the honor and the glory go if once Greece is free? If you desire such things, I give to you now by bequest all the honor and riches that may come to you. Forgive me for saying this, but that is the only loop-hole where failure may creep into our camp. I say the same thing to all, and I remind myself of it daily. I have been chosen to conduct this matter in the Morea, and I will give my life and all I possess to it as long as you judge me worthy of the leadership. The moment a single dissentient voice is raised, not in the matter of councils or plan of action—on which I will listen to all that is to be said—but of command and obedience, I only ask leave to serve in the ranks. Let us deliberate together, by all means, till the time comes to act, but when that time comes and a word of command goes through the country, let there be no delay. For all will depend, so I take it, on the speed with which we act when we come to action. This is the beginning and the end of success and all that lies between.”

“But how is the word of command to come,” said Father Priketes, who rather looked forward to a little independent campaign, “if you are not with us? Must I not act on my own judgment?”

“No; a thousand times no,” said Nicholas. “What I have seen here shows me that you in Megaspélaion and Patras will be the right hand of the outbreak. How it will spread afterwards God knows; but when the first grapes are cut it will be yours, so I think, to garner them. This is why you must obey absolutely. Nothing will be left to your judgment. A message will come, and you will obey.”

“How am I to tell who your messenger is?”

Nicholas smiled.

“Some afternoon when you are sitting in the spring sunshine, or perhaps some night when you are sleeping, your people will come to you and say there is a man here, or a boy, it may be, or a girl even, who wishes to see you, and we cannot understand what he means. Then you will delay not, but go and see what it is. You will say, ‘I am Father Priketes; you have a message for me.’ And the message will be in this form: ‘I am told to ask you if there is corn to be given to those who need it?’ And you will say, ‘Is it much corn they need? Are the needy hungry, or are they Turks?’ And the messenger will say, Send black corn to the Turks, to Kalavryta, or Tripolitza, or wherever it is, and let two hundred or five hundred or a thousand men carry it. Other instructions may come as well, but always in that form. And as you obey, so may the Lord give you a place among his saints in heaven!”

Father Priketes was silent a moment.

“You are right, Nicholas,” he said. “And I swear by the picture of the Mother of God that I will obey in all things. Come, shall we go up again?”

They climbed up into the chapel, and went out down the vaulted stone passage to the story below, where another vaulted passage, panelled up to the roof on both sides, led to the monks' library and Father Priketes's own rooms. Nicholas, who carried in his hand an olive-wood stick, tapped the panelling carelessly as he went along, and once stopped a moment and smiled at Germanos.

“The wall seems a little less thick here than at other places. Mehemet Salik, however, was too cunning to attend to such simple things.”

“The Lord be praised for making so many clever men!” said Germanos, piously. “To have a fool for an enemy has been the undoing of more men than Satan himself.”

They went on to Father Priketes's room where they had supper before, and Nicholas lit a pipe.

“That is quite true,” he said. “A fool is always blundering into the weak place by accident. There is nothing so disconcerting. Whereas a clever man is on the lookout for less obvious weaknesses, and passes over the obvious ones on purpose. And the Turk is both clever and indolent—a very happy combination.”

“For us,” said Priketes, who had, as Nicholas once said, a keen grasp of obvious things.

“As you say, father, for us,” said Nicholas, “and we intend to profit by it. Heaven helps those who help themselves.”

“Heaven help the Turk!” interpolated Germanos; “but I doubt it.”

“Then the Turk has helped himself somewhat too freely,” said Nicholas. “And now, father, with your leave, I will go to bed. I have seen all I came to see, and I think I had better push on to-morrow. You will find, no doubt, a prudent place for your granary. It is impossible to be too prudent now, just as it is more than possible to be too wary hereafter. When once we get into the open, we keep there until all is finished.”

“Where are you off to?” asked Germanos.

“Southwards,” said Nicholas. “I must go over all the towns in the Maina, and tell them that the time is near. If once the war begins as I wish it to begin, I will leave the rest cheerfully to fate. If only I can give fate a good chance, I shall not be afraid.”

“What will the end be?” asked Priketes.

“There can only be one end—the end of the Turk.”

The last half of November was a fortnight of cold showers and biting winds at Nauplia, and the woodcock came down in hundreds to the plains. Often when the curtain of cloud which veiled Mount Elias day by day was rent in two by some blast in the upper air, the higher slope of the mountain, it could be seen, was sprinkled with snow. Then the peak would again wrap itself in folds of ragged cloud, as a beggar throws his torn cloak over his shoulder, and perhaps would not be seen again for a couple of days. Down in the plain scudding showers swept across from north to south and east to west, and the earth, still thirsting from the long drought of the summer, drank them in feverishly, as the sick man drains the glass by his bedside and turns to sleep again.

Mitsos swore a good deal at this horrible weather, but, like a wise lad, when he had finished swearing, proceeded to make the best of it. The bay, and the sweet possibilities of the bay, were out of his reach; but the woodcock were distinctly within his reach, and he shouldered his gun with the air of a martyr, and found martyrdom wet but fairly enjoyable. And after a long day on the uplands towards Epidaurus, he would come back, often after dark had fallen, with a leash of woodcock, an appetite which bordered on the grotesque, singing and contented. Later on in the evening, however, he used to get restless and go to the door to see if the weather had changed or showed signs of changing, and was met by a buffeting flap of windy rain which made him close it again quickly; for it was no good, he argued, to lie rolling and rocking off the white wall if he was to be alone there. Once or twice during this fortnight he had done so, but he got nothing more than a wetting. Constantine was somewhat puzzled and perplexed at Mitsos's behavior about this time; but he took it all very quietly, as he took everything, and likened him in his own mind to a colt who is just beginning to find out that he is a horse, and, knowing his own strength, whinnies and kicks up his heels. He knew it would be useless to try and extract information out of Mitsos if he did not volunteer it, and he thought, very reasonably and fairly correctly, that Mitsos's somewhat spasmodic moods were merely the result of his budding manhood, and were as inexplicable to him as they were to Constantine himself. Meantime, though they had neither heard nor seen anything more of Nicholas, Constantine felt that Mitsos was growing in the way he would have him grow, and was increasing in self-reliance, and, so to speak, surefootedness of mind, just as he was increasing in bodily strength and stature.

But Mitsos was exercising more self-control than Constantine gave him credit for. That acquaintance with Suleima, the girl of the harem, begun so strangely, had ripened no less strangely. He had sat below the wall night after night and talked to her in a boat rocking gently in the swell or standing steady and still in the calm water, till with a sign she motioned him away, seeing some other woman of the harem or one of the servants come out into the garden. Then Suleima had made a confidante of one of the elder women, who, seeing Mitsos's handsome laughing face, had quite had her sympathy won over, and had promised to watch in the garden so that they might talk without fear of interruption, stipulating, however, through Suleima as interpreter, half laughing at him and half in earnest, that Mitsos should give her a kiss for every time she watched for them. Suleima had felt herself flushing as she interpreted this into Greek, but Mitsos soon reassured her as he answered:

“She might as well do it for nothing. Oh, don't translate that, but say we are very much obliged.”

Then there came an evening, only just before the weather had broken, when Mitsos took down to the boat a little rope-ladder. Suleima had told him that he was to come there late, not before midnight, and she would have gone to her room early, saying she was not well, and then, if possible, she would come out to him, and they would go for a sail together.

It was an evening to be remembered, to be lived over again in memory—her reluctance and eagerness to come; her terror at the thought of being discovered, which none the less added a certain spice to her enjoyment; her delight at getting out, though only for an hour or two; her half-frightened exclamations of dismay as Mitsos put about and the water began to curl back from the forefoot of the boat as it went hissing out to sea before the wind, her face looking as if it were made of ebony and ivory beneath the moonlight, with its thin black eyebrows and long black eyelashes; her sense of innocent wickedness, as, in response to Mitsos's entreaties, she unveiled it altogether; her curious fantastic story of how she was carried off years ago by this Turk, and had forgotten all about her home; her pretty pronunciation of Greek; her bewildering treatment of himself as if he were a boy, which was true, and she was quite grown up, which she was not, being just eighteen; the view which she took of this midnight sail being just a childish freak, heavily paid for if discovered, and to be repeated if not, while to him it was the opening of heaven. Then, as he still remained serious, looking at her with wide eyes of adoration, she too became a little serious as they turned homewards, and said that she liked him very much, and that old Abdul Achmet was a fat pig. Then, in answer to him, Oh no, she was quite content where she was, except when Abdul was in a bad temper or the eunuch beat her. There was plenty to eat, nothing to do, and they were all much less strictly looked after than in other harems, for Abdul only cared for one of them. It was not very exciting, but if Mitsos would come again now and then and take her for sails she would be quite happy. Finally it was no use his coming except when it was fine, for the harem was always locked up in wet weather, and she would not be able to come into the garden. Also she hated rain like a cat.

Then intervened the fortnight when the climate of Nauplia, which for the most part is that of the valley of Avilion, gave way to the angry moods of a child—to screaming, sobbing, and steady weeping. The surface of the bay was churned up by the wind and curdled into foam by the rain; the big walnut-tree under which Maria had slept shook itself free of its summer foliage, and stood forth a naked appeal to the elements. For a fortnight the deluge continued, but on the night of the 1st of December, Mitsos, waking at that strange moment when the earth turns in sleep, and cattle and horses stand up and graze for a moment before lying down again, saw, half in sleep, the shadow of the bar of his window cast on to the floor by the slip of the crescent moon, which rode high in a starry sky, and when he woke again it was to see a heaven of incredible blue washed clean by the rain.

Half the day he spent dreaming and dozing in the veranda, for he meant to be out on the bay that night, and after his mid-day dinner he went down to overhaul the boat, taking with him his fishing-net and a bag of resin; he had wrapt up in the centre of the net the pillow from his bed, for Suleima had said that the net on which she sat before smelt fishy. But after supper that night he found himself beset by a strange perplexity, the like of which he had never felt before. His fustanelle was old and darned—it was hardly suitable. It did very well before, but somehow— The moon, too, would be larger to-night. The perplexity gained on him, and eventually he took out his new clothes, only worn on festa days, which were thoroughly unsuitable for rough fishing by night. He brushed his hair with extreme care, and wished it was sleek and smooth like Yanko's, instead of growing in crisp, strong curls, put his red cap rakishly on the side of his head, and laced up his boots to the very top. All this was done with extreme care and seriousness, and he went down stairs on tiptoe, for fear of waking his father, who had gone to bed early and left injunctions to him to lock the door and take the key with him if he was likely to be late.

It was about half past ten when he set off, and the moon had risen. It took him an hour or more to reach the dim white wall, for the breeze was yet but light and variable. He began to feel his heart pulsing in his throat, as it had done one night before, but somehow differently, and as he neared the wall he peered out anxiously into the darkness to see if there was any one there. Something white glimmered on it, and the next moment he had taken in his sail, and a few minutes later the side of his boat grated against the stone-work.

Suleima gave a little chuckling laugh.

“I thought you would come,” she said, “as soon as the weather cleared. They are all in bed; I listened at Mohammed's door—he was snoring like a pig.”

Mitsos said nothing, but jumped on to the side of the boat, threw the ladder up on to the wall, and sprang up himself.

“Yes, I have come,” he said. “Ah, how I have been cursing this rain—may the saints forgive me! But I cared not, and cursed.”

Suleima looked at him a moment.

“Why, how smart you are!” she said. “Do you usually go fishing in your best clothes? Really, you look quite beautiful, Mitsos.”

Mitsos smiled and looked a little confused.

“Hush!” he whispered; “we will talk in the boat. I will hold the ladder. There! it is quite steady.”

The girl stepped lightly down the rungs, and Mitsos, directing her to sit quite still, threw the ladder and the rope back, and let himself down into the stern of the boat.

“Where shall we go to-night?” he asked.

The girl laughed.

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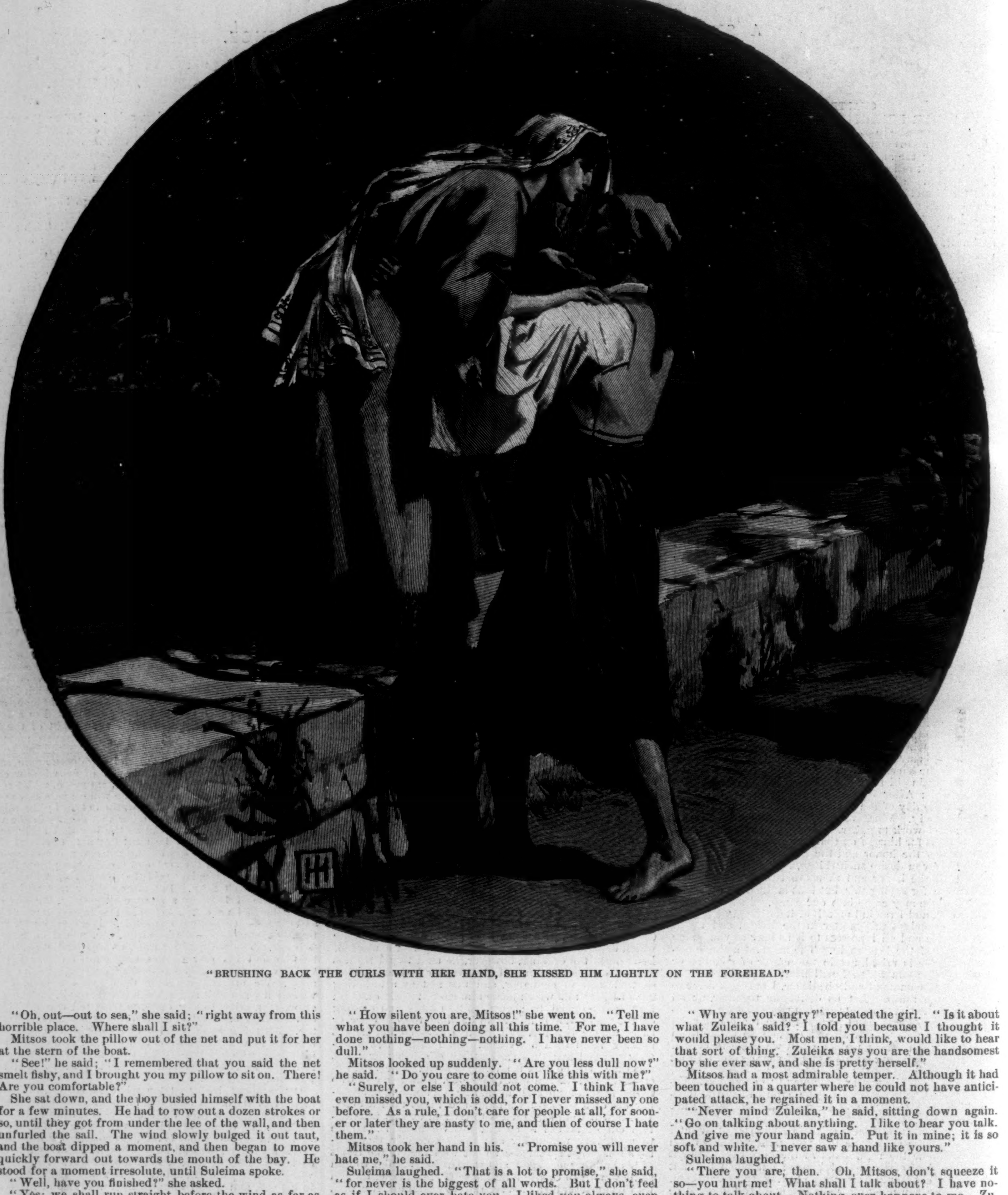
[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2115.



"BRUSHING BACK THE CURLS WITH HER HAND, SHE KISSED HIM LIGHTLY ON THE FOREHEAD."

"Oh, out—out to sea," she said; "right away from this horrible place. Where shall I sit?"

Mitsos took the pillow out of the net and put it for her at the stern of the boat.

"See!" he said; "I remembered that you said the net smelt fishy, and I brought you my pillow to sit on. There! Are you comfortable?"

She sat down, and the boy busied himself with the boat for a few minutes. He had to row out a dozen strokes or so, until they got from under the lee of the wall, and then unfurled the sail. The wind slowly bulged it out taut, and the boat dipped a moment, and then began to move quickly forward out towards the mouth of the bay. He stood for a moment irresolute, until Suleima spoke.

"Well, have you finished?" she asked.

"Yes; we shall run straight before the wind as far as you like."

She pointed with her hand to the seat beside her. "Come and sit by me," she said.

They sat in silence for several minutes, she with a smile hiding in the depths of her dark eyes, he serious and tongue-tied. The air was full of the freshness of the night and of the sea, but across that there came to him some faint odor from her, a warm smell of a live thing, too delicate to describe. Then she drew from her pocket a small box, and opened it.

"See what I have brought you," she said. "Rahat-lakoom—how do you call it in Greek? Sweets, anyhow. Do you like sweets?"

She took a lump of the sticky fragrant stuff out of the box and offered it to Mitsos as a child offers sweets to another child. "Do you like it?" she asked again. "Abdul gave me them last night. I was afraid when he gave them to me; but he did not stop. As I told you—"

Mitsos flushed. Suleima spoke with the *naïveté* of a child; and yet somehow it made him ashamed to think that even he was sitting alone with her, and furious at the thought that that fat Turk, whom he had seen at Nauplia only a few days before, should dare to give her sweets.

"How silent you are, Mitsos!" she went on. "Tell me what you have been doing all this time. For me, I have done nothing—nothing—nothing. I have never been so dull."

Mitsos looked up suddenly. "Are you less dull now?" he said. "Do you care to come out like this with me?"

"Surely, or else I should not come. I think I have even missed you, which is odd, for I never missed any one before. As a rule, I don't care for people at all, for sooner or later they are nasty to me, and then of course I hate them."

Mitsos took her hand in his. "Promise you will never hate me," he said.

Suleima laughed. "That is a lot to promise," she said, "for never is the biggest of all words. But I don't feel as if I should ever hate you. I liked you always, even before I had ever seen you, when you sang that song out of the darkness. It was very rash and impertinent of you. Supposing I had been—well, some one else—I should have told Abdul, and got you punished for speaking to me."

"But because it was you you did not," said Mitsos, awkwardly. "Yet if it had not been you I should not have sung to you."

The girl's hand rested in his; but suddenly she disengaged it. "You are talking nonsense," she said, quickly, yet finding nonsense somehow delightful. "Of course if you had not sung to me you would not have sung to me. By-the-way, Zuleika—" She stopped suddenly.

"Who is Zuleika?" asked Mitsos. "And what of her?"

"Oh, nothing. Zuleika is the woman who watched to see that no one came while we talked. Well, why shouldn't I tell you? Zuleika is getting impatient for her reward. She watched four times, she said, but I am sure it was only three."

Mitsos got up and stood in front of her. "Zuleika! What is Zuleika to me?" he said.

The girl stared at him for a minute. "Are you angry, Mitsos? Oh, why should you be angry? But—but—"

Mitsos turned away impatiently.

"Why are you angry?" repeated the girl. "Is it about what Zuleika said? I told you because I thought it would please you. Most men, I think, would like to hear that sort of thing. Zuleika says you are the handsomest boy she ever saw, and she is pretty herself."

Mitsos had a most admirable temper. Although it had been touched in a quarter where he could not have anticipated attack, he regained it in a moment.

"Never mind Zuleika," he said, sitting down again. "Go on talking about anything. I like to hear you talk. And give me your hand again. Put it in mine; it is so soft and white. I never saw a hand like yours."

Suleima laughed.

"There you are; then. Oh, Mitsos, don't squeeze it so—you hurt me! What shall I talk about? I have nothing to talk about. Nothing ever happens to me. Zuleika—"

"Don't talk about Zuleika," said Mitsos, between his teeth.

"Well, you told me to talk. I don't want to talk about Zuleika. Oh, Mitsos, look how far we are out! There is Nauplia behind us. We must go back."

"No, not yet."

"But we must. It will take us an hour or more to get back. Please let us go back, Mitsos."

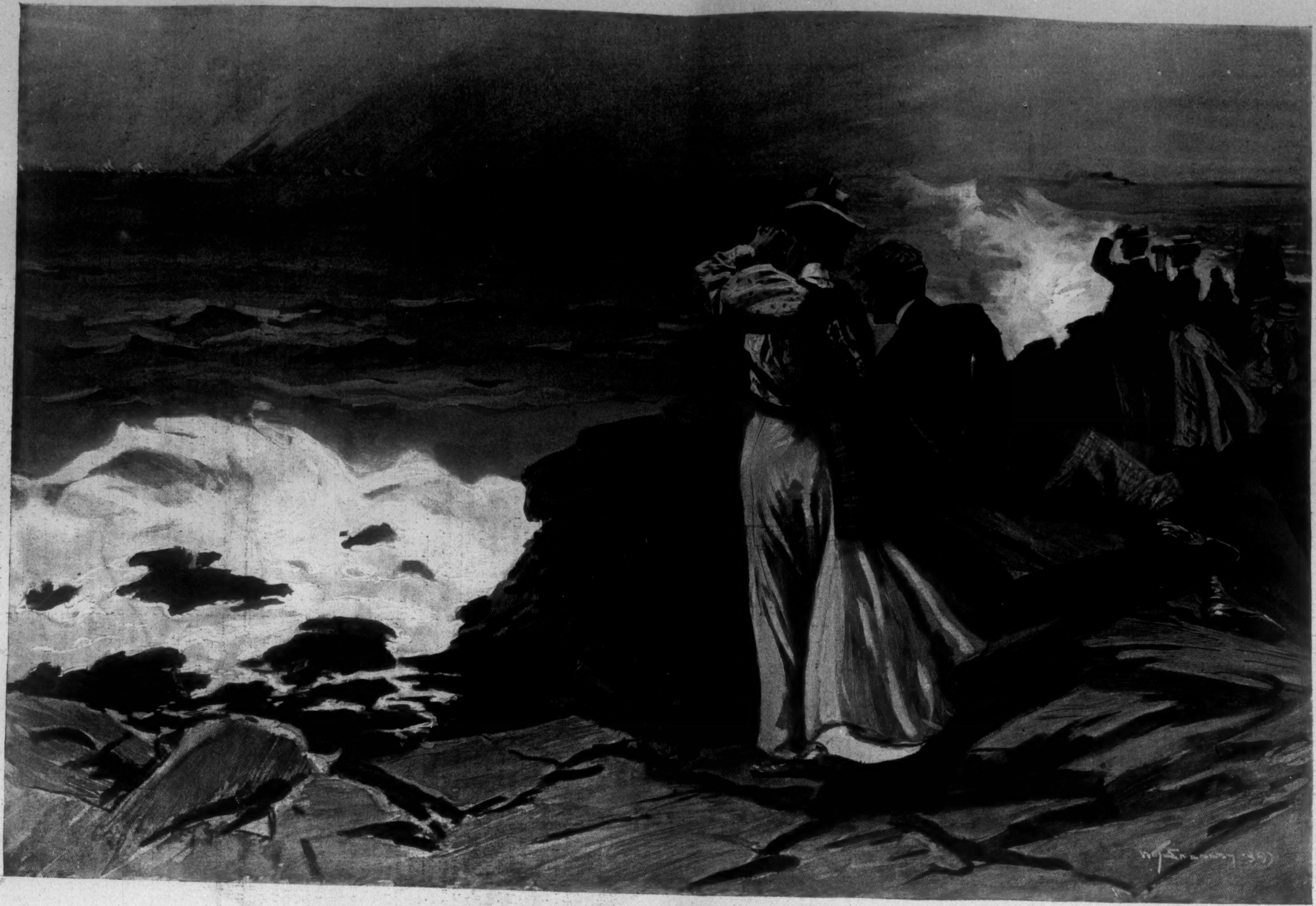
Mitsos sat still a moment. "Tell me you don't want to go back," he said, in a whisper.

"Of course I don't. Why should I tell you that? I should like to go on and on with you and have nobody to bother me any more."

Mitsos sprang up. "I'll put about," he said.

There were two or three moments of confusion as the heavy yard swept across the deck, and Suleima crouched down to let it go over her head. The wind had veered a little towards the east, and they could get back in a couple of tacks. Mitsos stood up till the boat had settled down on the homeward journey, and then, with the rudder-pole in one hand, he sat down again by Suleima's side.

"It will be delightful weather now," he said, "and



WATCHING THE YACHT-RACE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

you will come out with me again? You tell me you like it."

Suleima nestled a little closer to him. "Yes, I like it," she said; "but we must not go too often. But if you care to, you can come to the wall always in fine weather, and I will tell you if it is possible. And, Mitsos, next time you are going fishing tell me, and let me see you fish. I should like to see you do that. Do you catch many?"

"The devil fly away with the fish!" said Mitsos. "I would sooner talk to you."

"How funny! I would sooner you fished. Will you let me help?"

Mitsos took up one of her hands again. "It would be a light net you could draw in," he said. "You have never felt the tug of a shoal."

"A whole shoal?" asked Suleima. "How many fish are there in a shoal?"

Mitsos laughed. "Fifty for each of your fingers," he said, "and a hundred to spare. Sometimes they all swim together against the net; and though they are very little, many of them are strong. I cut my finger to the bone once. Look, here is the mark."

He held up his great brown hand, and Suleima traced with her little finger a white scar running up the second joint of his forefinger.

"How horrid!" she said. "Did it bleed much?"

"Half a bucketful. I must put the boat on the other tack. Take care, the sail will swing across again."

The air struck cold as they went more into the wind, and Suleima wrapped her black burnous more closely round her and nestled under shelter of Mitsos as he sat down again.

"You are cold?" he asked, suddenly.

"No, Mitsos, not if you sit like that. But isn't it awfully cold for you? Have another piece of Rahat-lakoom?"

Mitsos grinned, showing his white teeth. "That will keep out the cold," he said. "Give it me yourself!"

The wall was rapidly approaching, and in ten minutes more Mitsos stood up and took in the sail. The speed slackened, and standing at the bows, he leant forward, and thrusting out the pole, he brought the boat alongside. Then springing up again, with the rope in his hand, he told Suleima to throw him up the end of the ladder. This he held down with his foot on the far side of the wall as she climbed up, feeling the muscles of his leg strain pleasantly as she stepped on to it.

The ground on the inside was a foot or two below the top of the wall, and standing on the top a moment before stepping down, she suddenly bent her head down to him, and brushing back the curls with her hand, kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"Good-night, Mitsos," she whispered. Then in a moment her face flushed. "Mitsos," she said, quickly, and with a curious shyness, "promise me you will never kiss Zuleika," and without waiting for his reply she ran across to the dark house.

Mitsos sat perfectly still for a moment, tingling and alert, and he felt the blood throb and beat in his temples. Something which let the two sit together like children was dead, but something had taken its place, and his heart sang to him. He dropped down again into the boat, and for half an hour more he sat there without stirring, hearing the ripples tap against the side, and seeing them break in dim phosphorescent gleams of light. Then, with wonder on his lips and a smile in his eyes, he went silently home through the still night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

It really seems as though the feverish loyalty of this year of Jubilee had set England revising her old attitude of indifference towards her dependencies. There is no talk now of the colonies being a burden to the English taxpayer, of their being "educated in self-dependence," and allowed to cut themselves adrift from the mother-country when they felt equal to voyaging alone. The cry now is all for a closer union, for the forging of fresh bonds, for federation, for joining into a compact body on an immovable basis the four great divisions of the Empire. The Jubilee that has just been celebrated was as much in honor of the colonial premiers as of the Queen; the warmest cheers in the streets were those given to the colonial troops; and in a sudden illuminating flash the average Englishman has perceived the greatness, the variety, and the loyalty of the Empire to which he belongs. The sight has intoxicated him; a new world is spread out before him, and incontinently he begins to yearn for some formal knot that will bind it to him forever. For the first time in English history Englishmen of all classes have awakened from their apathy and ignorance and become filled with an inspiriting sense of the destiny of the British Empire.

It is, of course, many years since the colonies answered the purposes for which, when originally founded, England found them useful. She began by employing them as dumping-grounds for her social refuse. As they prospered, she went on to tax them. The American colonies revolted, and were lost to her. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa she possessed herself of territories as vast and fertile as those which had separated from her. Among them, so long as they would permit it, she distributed her convicts. She held their waste lands as government property; she controlled their patronage; she became involved in an endless number of small and irritating disputes with them. This, too, came to an end. The colonies claimed the land for themselves; it was yielded to them. The colonies claimed the right to fill their offices with their own men, and England had to part with what had been a pleasant and useful provision for younger sons and political partisans. Finally, to be rid of the whole business, England left them to govern themselves in whatever way might seem good to them, merely maintaining, as the outward proof of authority, the titular sovereignty of the Crown and a Governor, who practically has no powers whatever. The advantages, then, were all on the side of the colonies. They levied taxes on British products for their own revenues. They were provided with military forces to protect their coasts at the expense of England. They paid nothing to the cost of imperial defence, yet they relied on the English navy and army to be at their service whenever required. They undoubtedly became a severe burden to the English tax-payer, who did not see why he should be made to pay for some distant colonial war which he had neither advised nor approved. England finally withdrew her troops, and insisted that each colony should take care of her own defence.

When the colonies ceased to be directly profitable, England began to lose interest in them. Twenty-five years ago she came within an ace of letting her colonial empire slip through her fingers from sheer apathy. Whether the colonies remained under the English flag, or proclaimed their independence, or attached themselves to some other power, seemed to be a matter of complete indifference to the Gladstonian government of the day. They were misled by some spurious analogy between a colony ready for independence and a grown-up son ready to enter life on his own account; or else by Turgot's comparison of colonies to fruit which hangs on the tree only till it is ripe. There was a suspicion in the early seventies that Mr. Gladstone and his followers encouraged separation; that they would have viewed without resentment or opposition the absorption of Canada and the West Indian Islands into the United States, and the setting up of an independent Australian republic. At all events, they made it clear that they did not greatly care whether the colonies staid or went. When it was pointed out to them that between 1845 and 1870, 4,500,000 British subjects had become American citizens, they replied that no doubt it was a pity, but the British government could not "do violence to the acknowledged principles of political economy by attempting to divert emigration to one country rather than another"; and that, after all, not much harm was done, for whether a man settled by the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence he became a purchaser of English manufactures, and Queen's subject or not, was equally in need of calico and blankets and Sheffield and Birmingham hardware. Talk like this jarred on the demonstrative loyalty of the colonists, all of whom were devotedly attached to the Queen and Empire, anxious for closer union between themselves and the mother-country, and frankly astonished and hurt when England failed to reciprocate their affection. There was indifference on one side and a rankling sense of injustice on the other. The slightest explosion might have been disastrous.

Several things combined to save England. Mr. Gladstone's government came mercifully to an end, and Mr. Disraeli gave himself up to a policy of Imperialism. Now Disraeli's Imperialism was not in any sense colonial; indeed, on the question of the retention of the colonies, he had expressed himself as heretically as any Liberal of them all. His Imperialism was not even particularly inspiring; it was cheap, it was shoddy, it was often ridiculous. Still it was Imperialism; it was patriotism run wild, if you like, but still patriotism; at any rate, it shocked England out of her stupor and made her lift up her head once more. It was Disraeli as much as any one who first gave the impulse which rose to its climax in the enthusiasm of last June. At the same time many real patriots, alarmed at England's persistent neglect of her colonies, endeavored to shame her into active sympathy and co-operation. Foremost among these was Mr. James Anthony Froude, who drew upon all the resources of his boundless patriotism and brilliant literary gifts to quicken England to a sense of her duty. Then came Professor Seeley with his famous *Expansion of England*, soon followed by innumerable colonial clubs and federation leagues, even by the formation of a colonial party in the House of Commons; while among average men and women the ringing Imperialism of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses has kept alive a spirit of ardent patriotism.

And so, when the colonial Premiers landed in England for the Jubilee, they found themselves carried away by the splendid and sincere enthusiasm of their welcome. Instantly the air became thick with schemes for federation. Twenty-five years ago it was the colonies who pressed for a closer union, and England who cold-shouldered the idea. Now it was England who took up the cry. The Premiers held round-table conferences with Mr. Chamberlain. At every banquet federation and the undying loyalty of the colonies were the only topics. The newspapers came out with fresh schemes day after day—now for a gigantic system of imperial defence, with every colony contributing its share to the naval and military forces; now for an imperial council composed of delegates from every colony, to sit at Westminster, and thence direct the affairs of the Empire; and now for a customs union, conterminous with and restricted to the Empire and directed against the rest of the world. It may be remembered that this last idea of an imperial Zollverein was put forth by Mr. Chamberlain about a year ago, and no doubt he hoped for the support of the colonial Premiers. But the colonial Premiers were to a man against it. The Hon. G. H. Reid, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, described his proposal as impracticable and not worth discussing. The Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, pointed out that Canada's recent tariff bill gave preference to British products without asking anything in return. The day England abandons free trade, he said, is the day of her decadence. The Zollverein plan is, of course, an old one, but the objections to it seem insuperable. It might be different if the colonies could supply England exclusively either with food stuffs or with the raw material for her manufactures; but they cannot. England will not give up free trade; the colonies cannot afford to sacrifice protection. That alone will make a commercial union an impossibility for some time to come. It may be doubted whether it ever will be possible to establish the same fiscal system in countries differing widely as the poles in climate, in government, in habits, and in political opinions. As Lord Farrer pointed out, it would prevent any change in taxation in one of the countries constituting the British Empire, unless the same change were made in all. To require Canada and Australia to adopt the English system of external taxation, to model their own internal taxation accordingly, and to continue to insist on that requirement, whatever their own change either of opinion or condition might be, would be simply destructive of local self-government. And that is precisely what the colonies will not stand. The more other colonies follow Canada's lead and reduce their tariff on British manufactures, the better pleased England will be. She will denounce any commercial treaties with foreign powers that stand in the way of such reduction, but she will not abandon free trade.

The second plan, which has been most discussed, is that of a Pan-Britannic Senate, or Imperial Council, composed of delegates from all the self-governing colonies, sitting at Westminster. Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated openly that he thought a closer union could only be brought about by "the old British principle of representation." In an interview he was even more explicit. "In Canada," he said, "we are but 5,000,000 people now; we can wait. But when we are 10,000,000 it means we must either cut loose from Great Britain or become a part of Great Britain. England must take Canada and her colonies into a regular partnership, with a proportionate control and responsibility in imperial affairs. Were I twenty-five years of age instead of being fifty, I confidently believe I should some day sit in Westminster as one of the representatives of the Dominion of Canada." Sir Wilfrid was probably merely giving his own opinion. It may be taken for granted that the general feeling throughout the colonies is against the creation of any fresh political ties. The colonies, indeed, are only anxious for federation when they are sure they cannot get it. An imperial council would of course be under the predominating influence of England. In any dispute England would be the arbiter. The Crown would, in fact, arrogate to itself the right to direct colonial policy. The Premier of New South Wales put his foot down firmly against any such proposal. The colonies, he argued, are loyal because they are not interfered with. Let them do as they please, and their devotion to England will never falter. But if you manufacture more formal bonds you merely multiply occasions for misunderstanding. It is one of the greatest facts of colonial history that with every surrender of imperial control there has been a corresponding growth of imperial power. Australia can make herself heard far more effectively by means of the Governor or Agent General than she could if she were merely one of a number of colonies, planted in a council-room at Westminster, waiting for the commands of the Secretary of State. At bottom the colonies are incurably suspicious of the English government. They are devoted to the Crown, but they fight shy of Downing Street; they love England, but they rather dislike Westminster; and any scheme of federation, like the establishment of an imperial council, that seems likely to tighten the official bonds will never be satisfactory to them.

It seems as though the only way along which a sure step can be taken towards consolidation is that of imperial defence. In common contribution to a common navy there is a policy at once feasible and fruitful. To the Australian colonies belongs the credit of taking the first step in this direction. Their contribution to the navy was, however, a purely colonial contribution for colonial purposes. The cruisers they supplied were under the agreement to be confined to Australian waters. Even with this businesslike stipulation it was a fine example to set the other colonies. Cape Colony so far has been the only colony to profit by it. On July 10 Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, announced to a brilliant gathering at St. George's Club that he had that morning received the present of a first-class battle-ship from Cape Colony. The gift was unattended by any conditions. The ironclad is to be placed freely and unreservedly at the disposal of the Admiralty. The prime cost of a first-class battle-ship is something under $5,000,000. The revenue of Cape Colony is a little over $25,000,000. She is therefore setting apart, unasked, one-fifth of a whole year's income for the purpose of imperial defence. The Cape Parliament has yet to signify its assent to this gift, but there seems no reason to doubt the result of the voting. No more splendid proof could be given of the passionate loyalty which holds the Empire together. And that sentiment of loyalty is the backbone of the British Empire. No cut-and-dried scheme of federation can knit the nations together with the intensity of that unchanging patriotism. The present enthusiasm in England may lead to nothing tangible in the way of consolidation. Nothing tangible is wanted. All the colonies need is the assurance that England is proud of them, is determined to keep them, and if need be will protect them with all her force. On that foundation of good-will and sympathy the British Empire is indestructible.

Sydney Brooks.

RARE MANUSCRIPTS FOR AMERICAN LIBRARIES.

An ineffectual search for photographic reproductions of important classical manuscripts was recently made through New York libraries by a student who had reached a point where certain questions were to be decided, if decided at all, only by an appeal to manuscript authority.

It is obvious that this point must be reached soon by every one who aspires to thorough scholarship, yet it is doubtful if there are to-day in America complete photographic reproductions of any half-dozen important manuscripts in Greek, Latin, Saxon, Old High-German, Gothic, or Icelandic. When American scholars can compare the earliest Anglo-Saxon manuscripts with the manuscript of Ulphilas, or with those of the earliest Icelandic sagas; when without leaving the room they can call down from the shelves exact reproductions of Scriptural, Homeric, Horatian, or Virgilian manuscripts; when questions which concern the arrangement of verse, the marking of accent, the variations in spelling, and a hundred other things which a scholar must know, can be settled in a New York library—then it will be easily possible for New York to produce scholars who will be accepted in England and Germany as the highest authorities in their specialties.

Within the last ten years it has become easily possible to make a photographic engraving of a Greek manuscript which will give with absolute fidelity every accent and breathing marked in the original. The student who has learned to appreciate the importance of what the early part of the century overlooked as mere triviality can feel assured in the use of such a reproduction that he could learn nothing more if he had the original before him. Why, then, it is natural to ask, is not every important library in the United States provided with such reproductions of all the really valuable manuscripts of the world?

The real reason is that the subject has not been discussed in such a way as to force it on attention. But two objections are urged, and they must be noticed. One is that the libraries have not the money to meet the expense of the necessary photo-engraving; the other is that in some cases they might not be allowed to make photographs, on account of the jealousy of the present holders of rare manuscripts.

The question of cost can be disposed of by the assertion that though it would be considerable, it would not be exorbitant, and that by a concerted movement of the principal libraries of the country it would be easy to secure the funds. The object is one sure to appeal to every lover of thoroughness, and to all who believe that we still have much to learn from such art as that of Horace, Virgil, and Homer. By a really determined and concerted effort the money might be raised in sixty days to reproduce any given fifty of the most important manuscripts of the world, so as to give a complete photographic copy of each to any given fifty libraries in America.

Even at the close of the nineteenth century it is perhaps possible in exceptional cases that custodians of important manuscripts might be so barbaric in their selfishness as to object to having them photographed for the benefit of civilization, but we have at Washington an expensive Department of State which might be in much worse business than that of taking the necessary steps at European capitals to overcome all such objections.

If the time has not already come for the United States to do the work necessary to give American scholarship its opportunities for genuine thoroughness and real excellence, it ought to come soon.

THISTLE-DOWN.

O THISTLE-DOWN, a silver mist,
  I see you drifting round the wold ;
By light and airy breezes kist
I watch you pause and turn and twist
  In languid ripples fold on fold.

Beneath the bending apple-tree
  You wander at the wind's sweet will—
You veil the wood's green drapery,
Then fray into a surfy sea
  That breaks in silence on the hill.

O spirit of the quiet air,
  How sweet a fate your fate must be
To lightly sail without a care,
Bound for the port of Anywhere,
  On pearly pinions light and free.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE BOOK-DELIVERY SYSTEM AT THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

THE problem of quick delivery of books in large libraries, when the book-stacks are several stories in height and at a considerable distance from the central delivery desk, has resulted in the introduction of book-railroads in some of these institutions. One of these railroads was established in the Boston Public Library when its new building was opened. Another, on a still larger scale, has been put into operation in the new Congressional Library, its main features being suggested by Mr. Bernard R. Green.

From the distributing desk in the centre of the rotunda two sections of the system run, one to the north, the other to the south stack, the east stack, which is much smaller, being served solely by the attendants. Each apparatus consists of two endless cables, to which are hung eighteen brass carriers, with bottoms formed of curved teeth. The cables pass down from the rotunda to the basement below, along which they travel until they reach the elevator of the book-stack, when they ascend through the nine stories, and return by the same route. At each floor is a sliding tray, formed of brass slats, which correspond in position to the spaces between the teeth of the carrier. When an attendant on any floor has received through the pneumatic tube from the rotunda the book-slip, he places the book on the tray, and dips the latter down until all the weight of the book rests upon the curved ends. Then the first *ascending* carrier, whose teeth fit in between these ends, picks up the book and carries it up and down again until it reaches the rotunda, where another tray of slats receives it and tosses it automatically on to a table. If one curves and separates the fingers of both hands, and draws the fingers of one hand through those of the other, the principle of the arrangement becomes clear. When the officer at the distributing desk wishes to return a book to the stack, he sets a lever on a dial at the number corresponding to that of the floor. As the carrier containing the book in its *descent* reaches the proper floor, the tray automatically slides out, receives the book, and deposits it on a table.

But there is another unique feature of this system. It happens frequently that Senators or Representatives want books for immediate use in committee-rooms or on the floors of the Houses during debate. It became necessary, therefore, to devise a method of speedy delivery of books to the Capitol itself. For this purpose a tunnel has been constructed from beneath the rotunda of the Library to a delivery station in the Capitol, a distance of 1250 feet.

The illustrations on another page of the WEEKLY show the various steps in sending books from the Library for immediate use in the Capitol. A Senator or Representative writes an order for a book and sends it by tube to the distributing desk in the Library. The first part of the process is the same as that already described, except in the case of big books; for example, bound volumes of newspapers, which must be carried by hand down the ordinary elevator, with which each stack is provided. When the book has reached the table beneath the rotunda another operation begins.

An attendant takes the book, places it in a case, and puts it in a carrier, much larger than the others, that runs on an endless chain from the Library to the Capitol. These carriers go around the wheel at each end of the tunnel in which the endless chain runs. Great speed is necessary in the transmission of the carriers, but it is also necessary that the carriers shall be propelled slowly around these wheels. To meet this requirement the two carriers used have been placed at exactly equal distances on the chain, so that both make the turn of the wheel at each end of the tunnel at the same time. A mechanism has been devised whereby they make this turn slowly, and then dash away at high speed. When the book reaches the central station in the Capitol it is removed and sent by messenger to the Senator, Representative, or other official who has ordered it.

The motive power throughout is supplied by an electric dynamo, and the endless cables are kept continually moving—those in the Library at a rate of about one hundred feet, that in the tunnel at a speed of nearly six hundred feet, a minute. It is estimated that under the new arrangement a Congressman will be able to obtain a book in a shorter space of time than when the Library was in the Capitol itself.

NEW CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SILVER PROBLEM.

SOME years ago, when the world's mercantile element was beginning to recognize that the universal decline in the bullion-price of silver was due to the immutable laws of supply and demand, and not to statute enactments, and therefore was likely to be permanent, there was a report that a full equipment of a mint—*i.e.*, for coinage—had been exported from England to China. As the Chinese government, however, did not furnish its people with anything in the nature of money for facilitating their exchanges, except the rude coin known as "cash"—a small disk with a square hole in the middle, composed mainly of an alloy of copper and zinc, and which was cast in a mould and not coined—the purpose for which minting could be needed in China was not apparent. And with some surmises that "Mexican" or "American" dollars of former weight, pattern, and quality, but of impaired bullion-value, were to be made and traded off as under former conditions on John Chinaman, the subject passed out of public interest.

But, be this as it may, a mint was really manufactured in England, transported to China, and set up in Canton, where, under the auspices of the local authorities, but under the exclusive management of English mechanics and engineers, it has since been engaged in coining "cash" of better quality and design than formerly, and in large quantities, for exclusive circulation in the two lower or southern provinces of China.

Some dissatisfaction having been expressed, however, by a leading Viceroy, Liu K'un-Yi, that the copper cash struck by the foreign machinery of the Canton mint was too heavy, and apt to tempt counterfeiters to melt it down and coin lighter cash, which could easily pass muster in the markets, the Imperial government at a very recent period ordered three new additional coinage plants; but this time the order was given to the United States, and executed in New Jersey; and the plants are now actively operative, either in or in proximity to Peking, under the immediate supervision of the Emperor. Two of these plants were designed for making "cash"—of ordinary brass, or of two-thirds copper and one-third zinc—for use and circulation in the northern provinces of China, and at present are reported

(*Continued on page 816.*)

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and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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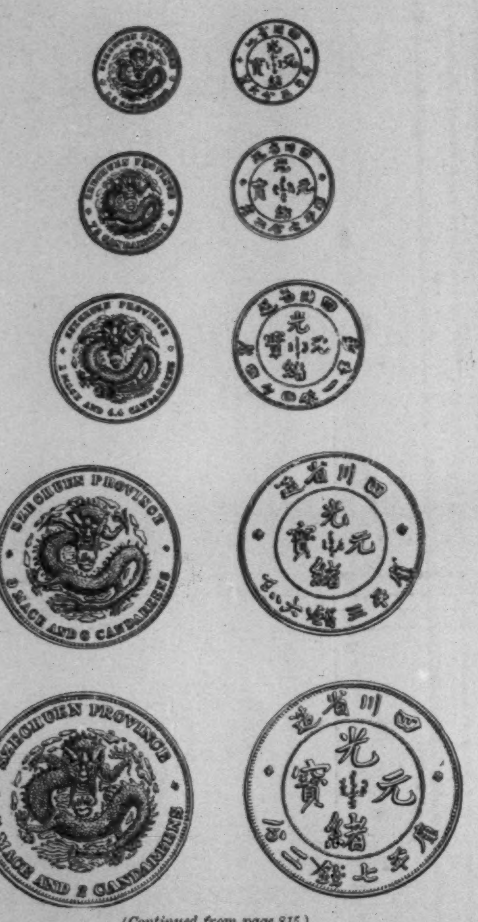


(Continued from page 815.)

as turning out some 700,000 coins per day, each machine making 100 per minute.

The third coinage plant of American construction was completely fitted up, if not originally designed, for producing five sizes of silver coins, the exact counterparts, except in respect to inscription and design, of the United States five-cent, ten-cent, twenty-five cent, fifty-cent, and one-dollar pieces, the last containing exactly 412¼ grains, the United States silver standard.

The American company which constructed and are now operating the three new plants was instructed to copy in its products, as far as the general design was concerned, the patterns furnished by the government, and which were probably made at the Canton mint. But whether the designs of these coins originated with Chinese artists or in England is not known. The results, however, of the five-piece coinage of the American plant are shown by the accompanying representations, reproduced from exact and finely executed photographs.

From an artistic point of view the American-Chinese coins are claimed to be a great improvement on the original patterns or designs, more especially in respect to the dragons' scales and muscles, and also the lettering of the inscriptions.

For what purpose the actual duplicate coinage of American silver, so far as size, weight, and current bullion value are concerned, has been entered upon by the Chinese government is not known and is difficult to conjecture. Whatever else may be predicated of the immense ignorant and geographically isolated people of China, nothing can be more certain than that John Chinaman will never take a piece of silver in trade, or in exchange for service or indebtedness, for more than its bullion worth as pure silver, no matter what stamp his government or some merchant may put upon it. Some one may, however, have persuaded him that things are different among the barbarians who live afar off and do not belong to the Celestial Empire.

RECENT CURIOUS CURRENCY EXPERIENCES IN WEST AFRICA.

Any recital of recent currency experiences would be imperfect that failed to call attention to certain anomalous fiscal troubles that have lately befallen the people of one of the negro states of western Africa, and which have not yet passed into history to an extent that they merit. As is well known, the governments of the leading states of Europe, with a view of increasing their commercial advantages through the acquirement of new markets, have, within a comparatively recent period, greatly increased their territorial domains and government in and over what is regarded as uncivilized Africa. What has been achieved in this respect in "South" and "south-eastern" Africa is well known; but the general public are yet in a great degree oblivious to the fact that the French are pushing their territorial occupation and domain in the direction of the famous city of Timbuctoo and the southern Sahara; while the English are rapidly occupying a vast tract of territory geographically known as Nigritia, from the circumstance that it is traversed by or is contiguous to the ancient and once mysterious river Niger. As almost all experience has shown that when civilized and barbarous nations have been brought into contact, mutual peace and security for commercial intercourse can only be attained by the exhibit or exercise of superior military force on the part of the former; and consequently the British occupation and government of Nigritia have been necessarily military, with such contingent beneficial results as the termination of the horrible human-sacrifice kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey.

One of the Nigritian kingdoms that has most recently, and after considerable fighting, passed under British rule and European ideas and enterprise is that of Nupé; which, although ruled by a barbarous negro king, was, through a concurrent Arab population, to a considerable extent commercial trading through caravans with an interior, and to whom the advent of the English was probably not unwelcome. The currency of this kingdom and its population was mainly slaves; with, inferentially, slave babies and children serving as subsidiary money media. And herein is impending a very serious financial difficulty. For as the British government does not sanction or tolerate slavery, and as it is understood that the new officers of the state, known as the "Niger Company," propose and promise the entire abolition of a previous legal *status* in respect to all the instrumentalities of barbarism—rule of the "witch doctors," human sacrifices, human slavery, and the like—the interesting question has naturally arisen, what are the people of Nupé going to do for money, or rather for currency? Will a party arise, as in the United States, who will manfully contend for the maintenance of the "Dollar of their Fathers"? Will not some "Nupéan" Bryan set forth in fitting language the wickedness of the demonetization of the former Nupéan currency? What better use can Senator Teller make of his disquisition on the benefits that accrued to the ancient Spartans when they substituted iron money in place of their former cattle, cow, and pig currency than to send a large number of copies of it for general distribution on the banks of the Niger? How the heart of ex-Senator Pfeffer of Kansas must rejoice at the historical vindication of his axiomatic financial principle, that "it matters not of what money is made, or what its intrinsic value is"! Would it not be the part of wisdom for President McKinley to instruct his monetary missionaries, after they have got through with their search in Europe for information about currency around the tables of royalty, to journey forthwith to West Africa, visit Nupé, and learn from the Nupéans their opinions as to the effect of cheap money—contingent on a successful slave-hunt; and also whether their former money had not much to commend it by reason of its remarkable properties for (leg) circulation? It certainly could not have staid long in one place without watching.

David A. Wells.

MR. FRENCH'S STATUE OF RUFUS CHOATE.

Mr. Daniel C. French has recently finished a statue of Rufus Choate for the Court-House in Boston. In the representation of a subject with so many diverse characteristics the sculptor was confronted with a difficult problem. We remember Whipple's description of Rufus Choate, when a young man, as an "Apollo with a slouch," and in later life nobility of deportment was joined to a marked angularity. Then we look for suggestion of his power as a logician, his poetic fancy, stubborn sincerity, and the actor's artifice. His many-sidedness is so dazzling to the imagination that a first sight of the statue may provoke a feeling that it is inadequate. A younger sculptor, or one with less breadth of vision and self-possession, might have executed a statue with more immediate attractiveness, for the reason that he would have fallen a victim to some one or other of the subject's fascinations, and represented this at the expense of the others. The interest excited by Mr. French's statue begins and develops gradually, in just such a way as the great lawyer's influence upon his audience must often have been exerted. At first one is quietly interested by the calm concentration of the figure, then awakened to livelier interest by the subtle suggestion of forces held in reserve, then pricked to speculate in what direction it will be exerted, and at last finds one's self eagerly awaiting the climax. It is the repose which derives its significance from the contrast of suggested energy—the complete equilibrium of the gladiator before he leaps to the attack.

The carriage of the head is self-reliant, but slightly inclined forward, with just a hint of deference towards those to be convinced. On the brow there is the dignity of intellect; in the eyes, the steadfast long gaze of the imaginative temperament. The upper lip is almost rigid; the lower, flexible and tender. It is one of those statues that make a flattering appeal to the intelligence of the spectator.

Charles H. Caffin.

THE TOUR OF THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKETERS.

London, *July 24, 1897.*

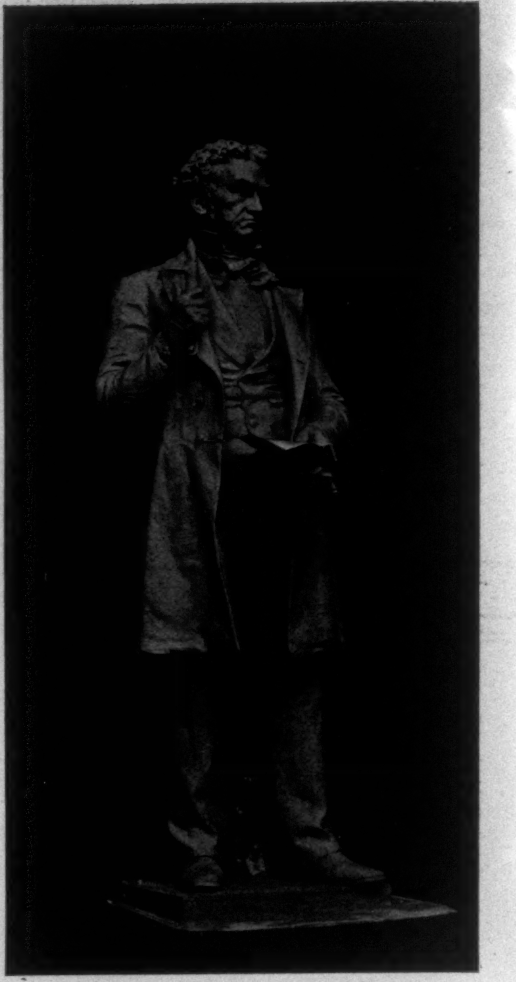
At this writing, the tour of the Philadelphia cricket team is practically over, and it is therefore possible to draw with considerable accuracy a comparison between American and English cricket.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the conditions under which the game is played in the two countries are essentially different. In England the wickets are, as a rule, so wonderfully true and accurate that the task of the batsman is far easier than in the United States, where even the best of wickets is not yet up to the English average. The difference between a crease that is absolutely true and one that is nearly so is not appreciated without actual experience, as it is not alone the question of getting out on a ball that acts queerly, but the confidence which a batsman gains from the knowledge that the ground will not play any tricks on him. As a result of this he is able to make strokes that otherwise he would not dare to attempt.

Then there is still another element that in England operates in favor of the batsman: it is that even after weeks of dry weather, when the ground is hard as a rock, the crease does not become "fiery," as is the case at home, and it is therefore an extraordinary circumstance for fast bowling to be unsafe to play, whereas in the States just the reverse is the case.

Of course all this is due to the age of the English grounds and the enormous amount of care that has for years been bestowed upon them. There is no reason why in time our grounds should not reach the same state of perfection; but we are comparing cricket as it is to-day, not as it may be in the future.

There is one more element to be reckoned with, and that is the weather. During the cricket season in the United States soft wickets due to wet weather are rare; in England they are exceedingly common. In both countries the players have of course learned to play the game under the conditions existing, and therefore visiting teams are for a time at least at a manifest disadvantage.



STATUE OF RUFUS CHOATE FOR THE COURT-HOUSE, BOSTON.—Daniel C. French, Sculptor.

In making a comparison, therefore, of Philadelphia cricket as opposed to that of the English counties, I, to be accurate, must take three essentially different conditions into consideration, viz.—*a*, that of the game being played in England on a soft wicket; *b*, its being played in England on a hard wicket; *c*, its being played in Philadelphia.

In case *a* I do not think Philadelphia would have much of a chance for victory with *any* county team. The English bowling on a soft wicket is so far ahead of ours that a soft-wicket win for Philadelphia over the weakest English county would be in the nature of a scratch.

In case *b* I class Philadelphia as stronger than Sussex, Somerset, Leicestershire, and Hampshire—that is, I believe, in a series of five games with each of these counties, it should win three or four; I think it is about even with Kent, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire, hardly as strong as Middlesex, Essex, Gloucestershire, or Notts, and certainly not as good a side as either Lancashire, Surrey, or Yorkshire.

In case *c* I think Philadelphia would only have the worst of the chances when facing Lancashire, Surrey, Yorkshire, or possibly Notts.

Of course in all these estimates I am supposing each side to have its full strength in the field.

Going into details, I should say that in fast bowling Philadelphia was well above the county average. King is unquestionably better than any English amateur, and second only to Richardson and Mould. In the matter of medium-pace and slow bowling the counties have all the best of it. At the bat Patterson, Lester, Wood, and Noble would quickly gain places well up on any country team, and Bohlen and King (I am now speaking of batting alone) would do so on all but the very strongest.

In the field, I believe that Coates is stronger than any cover-point or out-fielder in England, but that the average pick-up and return of the county man is ahead of the Philadelphia standard. In the matter of accepting catches the Philadelphian's work on this trip is about the English standard; but in this respect, for some unaccountable reason, the visitors have not done themselves justice.

At the wicket Ralston, Brown, and Scattergood are all well up to the county average, and the former, when at his best, has superiors only in Lilley and Storer. At slip Wood is more brilliant than any I have seen here, but England has many points better than any we possess.

Of course the county teams are not, on paper, nearly as strong as an all-England eleven, just as in baseball in America any one League team would not rank with a nine picked from all the various clubs. On the other hand, it is equally true that an eleven or a nine playing together for a season works more harmoniously, develops team-work, and thus to a very considerable extent makes up for its not being an "all star" combination.

It is, for this reason, pretty generally conceded that such a team as Yorkshire, for example, is practically nearly as strong as all-England.

The 'varsity teams (Oxford and Cambridge) are this year much stronger than the average. Cambridge should be ranked close to the leading three counties, and Oxford a trifle lower down.

In closing this brief comparison I cannot do better than quote Lord Harris, who, at the Marylebone Club dinner, said: "I think the Philadelphia team has done wonderfully well when it is considered that it is picked from two hundred amateurs, and in the home of cricket is meeting teams picked from thousands of both amateurs and professionals. In view of all this, Philadelphia may well be proud of its record."

Milton C. Work.

AMATEUR-SPORT

IT IS QUITE ILLUSTRATIVE of British newspaper wit that the London press, in railing against Edward H. Ten Eyck, should fail to realize it is impugning the intelligence and judgment of the Stewards who accepted his entry to the Royal Henley Regatta. It seems entirely consistent with contemporary sporting history that the English press should denounce, on one ground or another, a victorious alien. But I am loath to believe that the English press represents the sentiment of English sportsmen. The sportsmen of Great Britain do not endorse the newspaper vilification of Ten Eyck, no more than they did Dunraven's caddishness, or the emphatic discourtesy to the New York Yacht Club of the Royal Yacht Squadron, or that implacable American traducer, the *London Field*. But the sportsmen of England must henceforth disclose themselves more successfully than they have on recent occasions, else the world will accept the prejudiced expressions of the British press as representative of British sentiment, and conclude that English "sporting spirit" and English "fair play" are to be met with only when the Englishman is winning, and that when fortune goes against him he is an indifferent sportsman and a most offensively bad loser.

EDWARD H. TEN EYCK IS AN AMATEUR under the narrowest interpretation. He has never rowed for a money prize, or converted his prizes into money, or accepted inducements to attend regattas, or received pay of any kind for his aquatic skill, or worked for wages around boats. He is an eighteen-year-old schoolboy, and is eligible to any regatta in the United States or in Canada. So far as the strict letter of the law goes, he was also eligible for Henley; but if I correctly interpret the spirit of the Henley law and understand the Henley tradition, Ten Eyck, despite his unimpeachable amateur status, is not of the usual type of Henley oarsmen. Had the Wachusett Boat Club of Worcester been more familiar with the type of Henley oarsmen, it would not have put itself and Ten Eyck and American sportsmen generally in a position before the sporting world that could be assailed from any point of view.

THE HENLEY STEWARDS could have refused the entry, to be sure; but their position was a delicate and a difficult one. They probably suspected that rejection of Ten Eyck, on the ground that acceptance of his entry violated the spirit of the law, would call down upon their heads virulent criticism from that class in America which corresponds to their own violently prejudiced crew of the British sporting press.

Nevertheless, their position in refusal would have been tenable.

Ten Eyck comes of a race of professional watermen, a class which it is fair to assume he himself will probably join eventually; his father is the professional sculler, and at present a boat-club trainer, and his grandfather is a Hudson River boatman. It is good sturdy stock, and there is not a word to be said against it. But it is not the stock from which Henley entries are recruited. Perhaps it is as desirable, perhaps it is more so—that is not at all the question. The point is that Henley was established for, and has been supported by, a certain class—a social class, if you like—of amateurs, and Ten Eyck not being of this class, the Worcester club should have hesitated to put him forward as a candidate for it.

E. H. CLARK.
Winner of the All-round Individual Athletic Championship for '97.

THIS MAY NOT SOUND democratic, and I am quite certain I shall be misunderstood by superficial readers. But we have no right to thrust our democracy upon institutions which are not democratic. Henley has certain traditions, time-honored — and narrow, if it consoles you so to call them — but foreigners seeking admission to a regatta where such traditions are respected have no right to disregard them.

Once Ten Eyck's entry had been accepted, however, responsibility for ignoring tradition passed from the Wachusett Boat Club to the Henley Regatta Stewards. That point seems to have remained obscure to the London press. It was somewhat inconsistent, too, that Ten Eyck should be anathematized for accepting the services of a professional trainer (his father), considering that last year one of their own amateur scullers, Guinness, also employed a professional trainer, without offending the ethical predilections of the British press.

TEN EYCK'S PERFORMANCE at Henley commands admiration. He pulled a powerful stroke—the professional scullers' stroke, which has very little body swing—and won all his heats with comparative ease, beating H. T. Blackstaffe for the final in 8 m. 35 s. This becomes a record for the course (1 mile and 550 yards), the best previous time, 8 m. 36 s., having been made in '88 by Mr. Guy Nickalls.

Dr. W. S. McDowell, Chicago, defeated E. A. Guinness, 9 m. 10½ s., and J. T. Hogan, 9 m. 33 s., but lost to Blackstaffe in 8 m. 34 s. Ten Eyck beat J. J. Blusse, a Dutch oarsman, in 9 m. 16 s., and B. H. Howell, an American, at Cambridge, in 8 m. 36 s. Subsequently, for the Wingfield Sculls, Howell lost to Blackstaffe. To have had three representatives in the Diamond Sculls semi-finals is an attainment all Americans appreciate.

We rejoice with Worcester in the splendid achievement of her young oarsman. It is the first time the Diamond Sculls, emblematic of the world's sculling amateur championship, ever came to America; but we cannot experience the thrill of satisfaction that would have been created by the success of an entry entirely in conformity with the Henley ideal.

We shall indeed rejoice genuinely, however, in any victory Ten Eyck's good rowing brings him in American waters. Here, so long as he retains his amateur status and rows an honest race, and conducts himself in a sportsmanly manner, his entry is as acceptable as though he were heir to a coronet.

Therefore, in felicitating Ten Eyck—in all sincerity—we do not hesitate to express the hope that another American boat club does not again ignore the Henley traditions, and thereby commit what comes unpleasantly near being a breach of international sporting etiquette.

THE PERFORMANCE at the English Athletic Championships of R. Sheldon (Yale) was exceedingly creditable. To get second place in the shot to Hogan, the champion, and by so good a put as 44 ft. 5¼ in., is to have gained laurels indeed.

THERE IS GRIM justice in the success of Western men in the Western singles championship. And, too, it suggests to the National Association the need for the future of more widely informed ranking committees. In the '96 ranking an elaborate series of seven classes of 33 names was exploited, filled apparently with men that happened to have performed within the range of the committee's vision. Well-known Western men were entirely ignored, among them being Myers, Bond, Waidner, D. McQuiston, S. R. Neel, and Collins. The explanation, I understand, given for disregarding these men and others in the year's classification was the naïve one of committee ignorance. Surely a strange admission for an association with pretensions to national jurisdiction.

EDWARD H. TEN EYCK.
First American Winner of the Diamond Sculls.
Photographed by Davis.

The '96 Ranking Committee consisted of Messrs. James Dwight, L. E. Ware, and Lieutenant R. P. Davis, a choice that would seem not to be provincial, while Dwight, from the length of time he has been associated with American lawn-tennis, might reasonably be expected to be somewhat familiar with the game's progress outside of New York and Boston. E. P. Fischer, who is fifth on the '96 ranking, was beaten at Chicago last week by Kreigh Collins, who has no recognition in any one of the seven classes. Collins also beat Ware, who is ranked ninth. Sheldon, ranked tenth, was defeated by Bond, who has no place in the '96 classification. It is true that Fischer and Sheldon are not playing up to last year's form, and Collins has improved materially, but unless the National Association publicly proclaims its ranking to be based on the showing of men at Newport only, there is no defence for ignoring these Western men, and the classification beyond the first ten or twelve is incomplete.

PLAY IN THE WESTERN SINGLES TOURNAMENT was as interesting as the results were gratifying. Having journeyed well out of their district to play for a championship for which they had no residential right of entry, it was pleasing to Eastern as well as to Western sportsmen to note the successive defeats of Ware, Sheldon, and Fischer. If it was the Kenwood Country Club that paid the expenses of these men from New York to Chicago, it was, from the general sportsman's view-point, money well invested, if only to abruptly check the mug-hunting tendencies, the thriving of which the National Association abets by its toleration of unlimited touring. But it was not creditable to the Kenwood Club that in the hope of increasing the gate it should jeopard the chances of its local players by wholesale Eastern importation.

The excellent showing of Kreigh Collins in the Chicago club invitation tournament the week before made him the favorite among Western candidates for the singles tournament. But it was hardly to be expected that, having won the right to challenge Carr Neel for the championship, he should forthwith beat him—6-3, 7-5, 7-9, 9-7. And there is little doubt that Neel's lack of form and condition was responsible for his defeat. Collins played a sharp, aggressive, and at times brilliant game, but at its best his tennis is still a couple of classes below the form Neel is capable of reaching. This year Neel has devoted himself to his professional duties, and had very little time for practice before defending the title he had twice won.

THE COLLINS-WARE MATCH was more interesting, the latter having shown by his previous Canadian work that he was in form, and would bring out the very best tennis of which Collins is capable. So he did, and it proved too much for Ware, who, though stubbornly contesting the decision, was fairly outplayed, Collins winning, 10-8, 2-6, 6-4. Subsequently Collins beat Fischer more easily, 4-6, 6-1, 7-5—despite the fact of the Easterner showing the best form he has thus far revealed in '97—by staying at the net and cleverly disposing of Fischer's hard and generally accurate drives. Fischer had previously beaten S. R. Neel, 8-6, 6-4. Meantime Sheldon had beaten H. McQuiston (6-1, 6-8, 6-1) and Myers (6-3, 7-5), but in the semi-finals was defeated by W. S. Bond, 6-4, 6-4. This brought the two Westerners, Collins and Bond, together in the finals, and the latter, after a hard struggle in the first set, was completely outplayed, Collins winning, 9-7, 6-3, 6-2. Bond's game is fairly good at the net, but he is weak in off-the-ground play, and in no particular is his tennis so good as Collins's.

We shall hope to see Collins at Newport.

Play in the doubles was rather poor from the first match up to the last, when Ware and Sheldon, who beat Fischer and Neely (4-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3), gave an exhibition of pretty fair tennis in the last three sets.

Thus an Eastern team will represent the West in the '97 National championship, and unless some stronger combination is made, the Englishmen will capture the doubles event at Newport.

AS MATTERS LOOK NOW, there is a chance of the present lawn-tennis season revising some of the impressions left by those that have preceded it. Of these the most important are (1) the improvement in American first-class as compared with English first-class play, and (2) the increased steadiness of Larned, that brilliant, though hitherto erratic, performer. And yet we must be wary of reaching too soon conclusions that may be partly suggested by a patriotic optimism. Larned's play has been particularly brilliant in results, it is true, and up to this writing unprecedentedly steady. He has twice beaten Mahony and Nisbet, and defeated champion R. D. Wrenn on the only occasion they have met.

But that fact in itself is not so significant to those who have followed his tennis career as is the other fact of his game having been so steady in every match. Victory over Wrenn is not a new experience to Larned, for last year he beat him twice at Norwood, subsequently, however, losing to him in the Newport finals. It is therefore somewhat difficult to gauge Larned's calibre this year by his showing against Wrenn, especially as the latter is never in form until Newport, and this year is considerably below his average play at this time of the season. But Larned's strong, consistent showing against the Englishmen is the feature that must give him hope of attaining higher honors in the national championships. Two years ago Mahony beat him without great difficulty, and though the Irishman played a harder game then than he has revealed thus far on his present visit, yet Larned contributed largely to the result by unsteady performance at critical moments of play.

This season Larned has not as yet disclosed such weakness, even though he has again met his conqueror of two years ago, and the query offers whether the American has at length attained that consistency of form which has been on the verge of eventuation for at least two years. Certainly all his exhibitions point to an affirmative conclusion, and yet so near have we been to the same decision on two previous and separate occasions that we believe only Newport is qualified to give a dependable answer.

IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE that Mahony is not, up to the day of this writing, playing his top game—or the game he played here on his previous visit. Very likely this comment, in part, applies also to Eaves and Nisbet, a conclusion reached not so much by their records in the international tournament last week on the St. George's Cricket Ground, which appeared to be quite up to what was expected, but from watching their work in the several matches. Nervousness has been somewhat of a novelty in Mahony's play hitherto, and yet against Larned, on the 4th, it was a distinctly harmful factor, causing double faults in service and frequent returns into the net. Thus far, at least, Eaves has shown quite the strongest game of the three British invaders; and all three, let me record with pleasure, have exhibited commendable sportsmanship, whether in victory or in defeat.

IN THIS CONNECTION I must be permitted the indulgence of a digression that I may declare the most pleasing featnre of the international matches to have been the sportsmanly manner in which the spectators received the visitors. There was little difference in the applause accorded good playing at Hoboken, and that little seemed to favor the Englishmen. Certainly Americans are enthusiastic partisans while the struggle is on, but they are, too, the most generous and good-natured in defeat of any people on this earth. This I state deliberately after witnessing international contests on both sides of the Atlantic.

I am persuaded that all three of the visitors will play a harder game at Chicago in the Wyandot Club invitation tournament, and especially at Newport. If we succeed in keeping the United States singles championship in the United States this year, we shall be justified in honoring W. A. Larned and R. D. Wrenn, and I am of the opinion the opportunity will be forth-coming. The doubles championship, however, seems almost certainly destined to be taken across the water.

H. A. Nisbet. W. V. Eaves. H. S. Mahony.

THE VISITING BRITISH LAWN-TENNIS EXPERTS.

AND IF THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP does remain with us, it will be because the American representative fairly earned his match. There is no counting on any one of the Englishmen beating himself—or losing a match through unsteadiness, or from weakness in any one of the strokes. They all are strong off the ground, Eaves notably so, and he and Mahony are as clever at the net and as certain on handling lobs as any men we have seen. The great strength of Eaves and Mahony—and I think we may safely single them out as the only ones to be really dangerous at Newport—is their absolute surety on all strokes. This is the abiding difference between the American and English games as represented by the men under discussion. The Americans are more streaky in their play, surpassingly brilliant on occasions and in some strokes, and at times surprisingly weak in elementary play. This is partly the result of temperament, but more largely the result of comparative youth and consequent inexperience. We retire from active tournament play too soon after graduation from college, and at a time when we are beginning to really acquire consistent form. The Englishman keeps it up, and attains his strongest form perhaps long after his college days. Pim, Goodbody, Mahony, and Eaves, who may be taken as a fair average of English first-class performers, are five and more years older than either Larned or Wrenn.

EAVES AND MAHONY WASTE NO ENERGY in attempts at getting impossible balls; they are invariably in the most natural position to receive them, and the stroke follows with instant certainty. They are both signally effective in the half-volley—which we do very indifferently—and are also much stronger on the backhand than are Americans. In driving across the court and down the side lines Larned is much stronger than either Eaves or Mahony. In free open play the Americans are faster and more brilliant, but in the half-shots, half-volleys, backhand, and forehand the Englishmen are the better drilled. Drilled, in fact, is the precise word that expresses it.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE ST. GEORGE TOURNAMENT gave a sorry twist to the hopes of Americans when R. D. Wrenn fell a victim to the steady, at all times hard, play of Eaves. After his showing at Longwood against Larned, it was obvious that Wrenn was far from top form, and defeat of so good a man as Eaves, therefore, not to be expected. This impression was sustained when the Englishman, after Wrenn had taken the first set, took the next two, outplaying the American at all points. But the unexpected seemed likely to happen when Wrenn opened the fourth set with a brilliant spurt which lasted long enough for him to win it, allowing Eaves but a game. He lapsed again into mediocrity on the beginning of the fifth set, and Eaves quickly had him 4–0; then Wrenn braced and evened the score, but could not hold the pace, and finally lost. Wrenn won his points largely on getting to the net, and staying there long enough to place the ball out of Eaves's reach. But as a rule Eaves reached the net first, and he was more difficult to displace than Wrenn. Wrenn's physical condition was unequal to sustaining a fast pace, and his game, in which endurance is so important a factor, suffered correspondingly.

On the same day Larned met Nisbet, who played a stronger game than he did at Longwood, and made a very much closer match than the score shows. His game differs from that of the other Englishmen in that its service has more pace and less cut, his work at the net is not so steady, and his lobbing not so accurate. His half-volleying is equally good, and he plays a *fast* game. Larned did not equal his Longwood form or that exhibited against Mahony.

Meanwhile, Mahony was playing G. L. Wrenn, Jr., who ordinarily shows clever tennis, but on this occasion played poorly, and was beaten in a very tame contest.

AMERICA WAS MORE SUCCESSFUL on the second day, all her representatives playing in better form than on the day before, while the Englishmen played perhaps not so well, too much sight-seeing and the close hot weather being a somewhat overpowering combination. This seemed particularly so of Mahony, who was more unsteady than on any occasion I have seen him play. Larned won over Mahony by repeatedly passing him at the net, with cross-court drives, and remarkably accurate driving down the side lines. Occasionally there was a prolonged rally at the net, and some brilliant volleying, but the usual procedure was Mahony running to the net and being passed, or Larned getting there and smashing the ball out of Mahony's reach; once in a while, at opportune moments, Larned lobbed very excellently. Two bad side-line decisions were expensive to Mahony.

When Larned was not playing very well he was playing rather indifferently, as the following summary of points proves. Larned earned 61 points on passes, 27 on opponent's outs, and 29 on opponent's nets. Total 117. Mahony, 21 points on passes, 29 on opponent's outs, 48 on opponent's nets, and 1 on opponent's double fault. Total 99.

R. D. Wrenn had somewhat of an easy task beating Nisbet, until the third set, but Wrenn secured most of his points through Nisbet's shortcomings rather than because of his own good play.

Really the most interesting match was that between Eaves and G. L. Wrenn, because of the very good game put up by Wrenn in his endeavor to stem the overwhelming odds against which he played. Eaves won, of course, but Wrenn showed the quality which, with uninterrupted development, will in another year or two bring him into the front rank.

THE LARNED–EAVES MATCH of the final day furnished perhaps the cleverest tennis we have yet seen in this country. Certainly no American has performed more brilliantly than did Larned during a greater part of the four sets. It was a match to most strikingly illustrate the acquired steadiness and pluck of Larned's '97 game. Eaves played masterful tennis from start to finish, keeping Larned hard and continuously at work, and in the third set leading him four to one, yet Larned pulled out that set (7–5), and won many games when his opponent had them apparently safe. On backhand placing into the far corners of the court Eaves was the surer and more frequent scorer; in the half-volley, too, the Englishman excelled, but all other strokes, save the lob, Larned executed with greater speed and brilliancy; on the lob they were about even, and neither very accomplished.

No contest in the tournament served to so clearly reveal the matchless feature of Eaves's game, viz., the splendid placing of returns. Whether in rallies at the net, half-volleys from the middle court, or drives from the service-line, Eaves invariably placed the ball where Larned had the utmost difficulty in getting it. On the other hand, Larned, in working into position from which he could deliver the *coup de grace*, repeatedly returned directly to Eaves. In other words, the Englishman was playing every ball, and making its recovery the hardest he knew how for his opponent. The American was watching for a chance to make a brilliant place, and meanwhile simply intent on getting the ball back into the Englishman's court. That Larned beat such a game, and so consummate an exponent of it as Eaves, is the more to his credit.

LARNED HAD BEATEN MAHONY two days before by passing him at the net, but he beat Eaves by keeping him away from the net and by scoring on a short cross-court drive or a place down the side-lines. The struggle to keep one another from the net was responsible for very heady and beautiful tennis, and several times when both were well to the front of their respective courts some extraordinary rallies resulted. When Eaves reached the net he handled Larned's hard drives with finished skill and unvarying composure. It was at such times that the American's lobbing, which he has this year greatly improved, benefited him immeasurably. Larned, without being so strong at the net as Eaves, nevertheless made his visits there fruitful. He was weak, however, in handling high short lobs and in smashing from the net. Too frequently on these occasions the ball went into the net or out of the court.

It would be difficult indeed to find weak spots in Eaves's game; perhaps he is at his worst in lobbing. In the back court, forehand and backhand, serving or receiving service, he is equally strong, while at the net it is doubtful if this country holds his superior. He plays a hard heady game from first to last with great coolness, and is one of the most brilliant volleyers we have seen.

In brief, the match may be summed up by saying—that when Larned played his most brilliant game, Eaves could not hold him; but at all other times the unceasing high-class work of the Englishman gave him the points. Two or three times Eaves lost points on a weak return, but such plays were the exceptions that proved the rule of his skilful, consistent tennis.

FIRST SET.												
Larned					2	4	3	4	4	9	8	5—39—6
Eaves					4	2	5	2	2	7	6	3—31—2
SECOND SET.												
Larned			1	2	4	4	1	4	0	2	6	3—27—4
Eaves			4	4	2	1	4	0	4	4	4	5—32—6
THIRD SET.												
Larned	3	1	1	4	2	4	4	8	4	4	4	4—43—7
Eaves	5	4	4	1	4	1	2	6	1	6	2	1—37—5
FOURTH SET.												
Larned			2	4	6	4	3	4	2	4	1	4—34—6
Eaves			4	2	4	0	5	1	4	2	4	2—28—4

THE R. D. WRENN–MAHONY match was indifferent tennis compared with the Larned-Eaves exhibition. It showed some good net-work by the Englishman, and pretty placing and lobbing by Wrenn, but the contest served chiefly to emphasize Mahony's retrogression since '95, and the need of Wrenn's taking the utmost care of himself and practising diligently if he hopes to successfully defend his title at Newport.

Nisbet, in form very much better than he had shown earlier in the week, defeated G. L. Wrenn in straight sets, although the latter made him earn his points. The Englishman played a faster game, out-driving and out-volleying the American.

America won an unexpected victory in the exhibition doubles through really rather poor team-work on the Englishmen's part. If Mahony and Nisbet carry the national doubles championship to England, it will be a sorry commentary on our skill in that game. It is too bad the R. D. Wrenn-O. S. Campbell combination was not perfected before Mahony and Nisbet won the Eastern doubles at Longwood.

The St. George's tournament was well managed and well attended considering the midsummer depletion of New York. The gate was probably enough to reimburse a part of the expenditure for prizes, and Mr. R. D. Stevens's sportsmanship supplied the balance as well as entertainment for the Englishmen.

INTERNATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT,
ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB GROUNDS, HOBOKEN, AUGUST 3–6.

	Mahony.	Eaves.	Nisbet.	R. D. Wrenn.	Larned.	G. L. Wrenn, Jr	Matches won.
REPRESENTING GREAT BRITAIN.							
H. S. Mahony Champion '96. Defeated in '97.						6–2 6–0 6–4	1
W. V. Eaves Irish champion. Ranked third.				7–9 8–6 6–0 1–6 6–4		6–3 6–2 4–6 6–4	2
H. A. Nisbet Ranked seventh.						9–7 6–3 6–4	1
REPRESENTING UNITED STATES.							
R. D. Wrenn Champion.	7–5 6–0 6–3		6–2 6–3 9–7				2
W. A. Larned Second on '96 ranking.	6–4 7–5 6–3	6–2 4–6 7–5 6–4	6–2 2–6 6–4 6–4				3
G. L. Wrenn, Jr Sixth on '96 ranking.							0
Matches lost	2	1	2	1	0	3	

SUMMARY.

Matches won by England	4
Matches won by America	5
Winner individual trophy for best record	Larned.

EXHIBITION MATCH IN DOUBLES.

ENGLAND.		AMERICA.
Mahony, Eaves,	vs.	R. D. Wrenn, O. S. Campbell.

Won by American pair.......6–4, 6–4, 8–6.

This week the visitors are playing in a similar round-robin tournament in Chicago, R. D. Wrenn, Larned, and Collins, the Western champion, being the probable American representatives. Wrenn needs work, but Larned, it seems to me, would best consult his Newport prospects by confining himself to light practice this week.

THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL MEET of the League of American Wheelmen came to a most successful end Saturday last in Philadelphia. From a racing point of view, and as a reunion of L. A. W. interest and enthusiasts, the '97 meet attained, in fact, the highest success in the history of the organization. This is saying a great deal, but not too much. Upwards of 17,000 wheel men and women registered at the League headquarters, it is said, while about 20,000 people attended each day's racing at Willow Grove, fifteen miles from town. And Philadelphia sustained her reputation for courteous hospitality. All the city seemed to be on wheels. There is no exaggeration in saying that the streets were given up to the bicyclists. It was difficult to realize that hardly twenty years had passed since Will Pitman, the pioneer missionary of the bicycle, was arrested on his first attempt to ride the old high ordinary through the streets of New York! Only twenty years ago—and now—special paths are constructed for the city bicyclist, and in the country he has remodelled the roads and rehabilitated the way-side with inns. Good roads has been the watchword of the L. A. W. and its members far and near, and good roads now where bad roads once ran are the estimable result.

THE RACING AT WILLOW GROVE on the one-third mile board track was high class, despite very little record-making by the amateurs. The most noticeable feature was the high quality average of the entries; rarely was a man distanced at the finish in even a trial heat.

Each year develops champions who previous to the meeting have perhaps not been considered even possibilities. And this year was no exception. Charles Ertz, of New York, won an unexpected victory in the one-mile championship, beating Middendorff and Stevens, while Powell (of Columbia University), Miller, and Babcock, all previously and respectively regarded as winners, did not even qualify for the final. E. C. Hausman provided another surprise by securing the one-mile open in 2 m. 9⅘ s., although Powell was among the candidates. Powell was successful in the two-mile championship, beating Peabody, Llewellyn, and Ertz in 4 m. 29⅕ s. Ray Dawson withdrew from the mile championship because of an injured wheel, and W. H. Fearing, Jr., the other one of the Columbia University trio that figured so prominently in the Inter-collegiate championship, got second in the one-third mile.

The most notable performance was that of Arthur Gardiner, of Chicago, who, in an effort to establish new figures, rode a mile in 1 m. 39⅗ s., which is only two-fifths of a second slower than the record.

Politically, the only significant "whisper" which reached my ears was the suggestion of George D. Gideon, ex-chairman of the Racing Board, for president of the L. A. W. If Mr. Gideon will accept the nomination, and I hope he will, a better candidate is not on the L. A. W. membership roll.

NEXT TO OPPOSING SUNDAY RACING, the most praiseworthy action the League of American Wheelmen has taken was the separation of amateurs and professionals in the racing classes of the National championships. Hitherto, it may be remembered, amateurs and professionals have ridden together in open championships, which, apart entirely from the ethical side of the matter, was invariably unjust to the amateur. It is just a bit extraordinary how the two classes were ever put in the same races. The amateur, to whom racing is but an athletic incident in his life of more serious endeavor, and whose training must be occasional, could hardly be expected to compete on even terms with a man whose livelihood was gained by racing, and whose life's work was preparation for success on the track.

It is true, many so-called amateurs spent and do spend now as much time training as the professionals, but that has no bearing on the principle involved. Besides, there really is a percentage of bicycle-racers that views racing as an avocation only, and has other work more serious.

At all events, the L. A. W. is to be commended for recognizing the amateur, and this year there has been an end to that absurd anomaly of the amateur championships of America being won by professionals.

An equally commendable proclamation is that of Mr. Mott (Chairman of the Racing Board) warning schoolboys and others expecting to race against accepting as gifts the wheels of a certain manufacturer, who has put more obstacles in the way of cleansing amateur bicycle-racing than any other half-dozen tradesmen in the country. The mere fact of going to the scratch with one of these wheels will be sufficient to disqualify the owner from competing. All in all, we seem to be working very satisfactorily in bicycle-racing towards a comparatively healthful condition.

A FEW DISGRUNTLED BICYCLE POLITICIANS, smarting under their defeat in the national assembly of the League of American Wheelmen, have managed to organize an association for Sunday racing in California. Notwithstanding California observes Sunday less than any other State in the Union—not a creditable reputation, by-the-way—the meets this Sunday racing association has given so far have been practical failures.

This association will probably be dead and forgotten before this time next year.

Sunday may be the California hoodlum's day of picnicing and "spieling," and no one offer an objection; but if California hopes to attain a standing in the amateur sporting world, it must choose some other day for its athletic entertainment. I note its principal rowing regatta was recently held on Sunday at El Campo, and presume, from the day selected, that the Olympic, Ariel, South End, Alameda, and Dolphine boat club members are supporting the movement which has offended wholesome public sentiment even in San Francisco. That other California Sunday crew which recently withdrew from the A. A. U., with the avowed intention of organizing anew for the "elevation of amateur sport"—save the mark!—has not been able to get a second meeting.

THERE HAVE BEEN INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS in yachting, polo, golf, track athletics, but the importance of lawn-tennis this week compels postponement of comment until next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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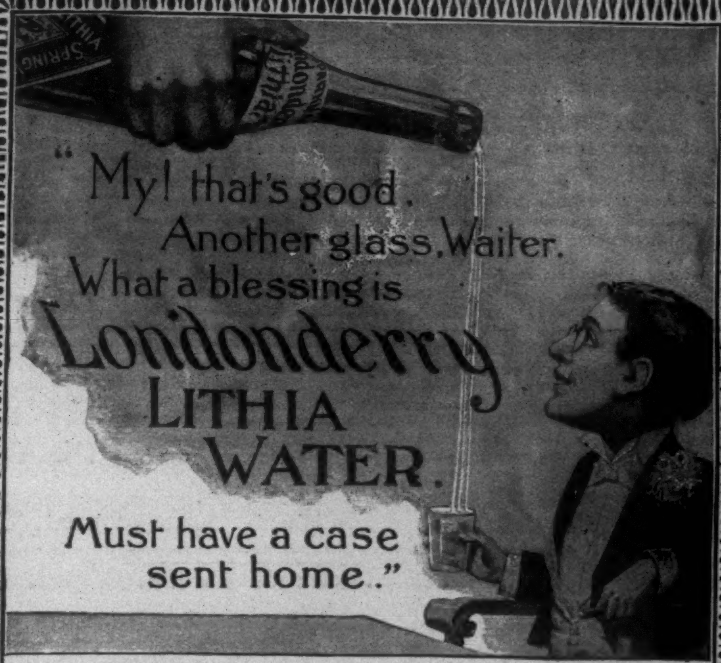
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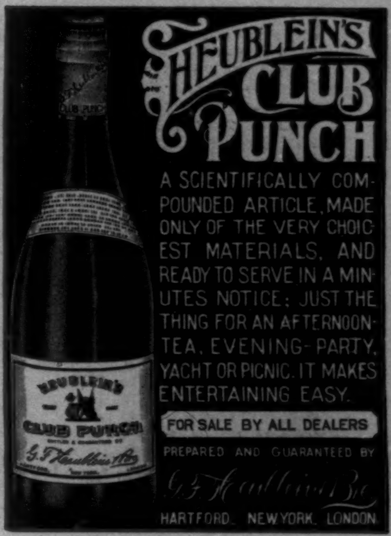
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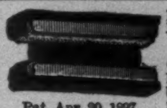

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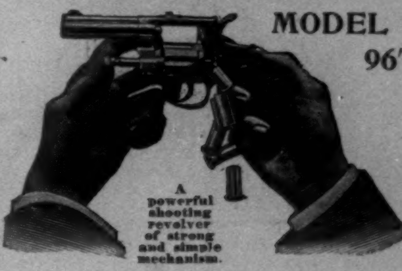
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